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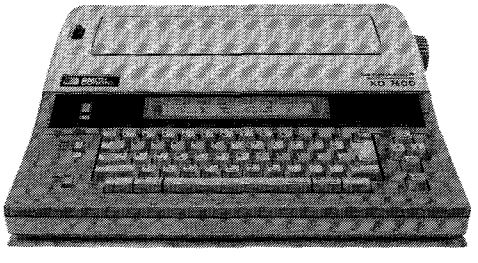

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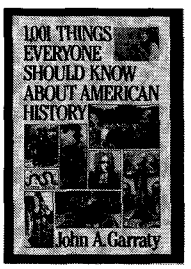

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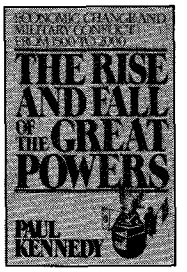

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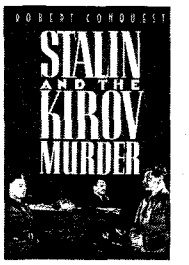

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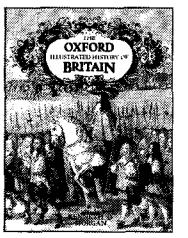

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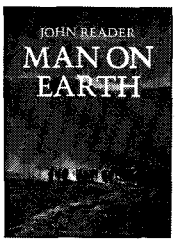

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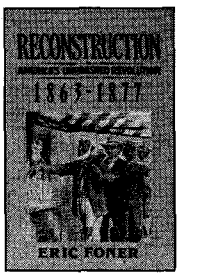

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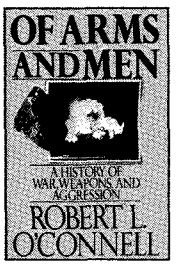

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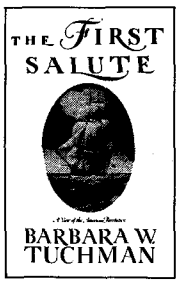

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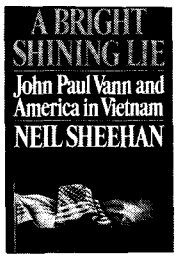

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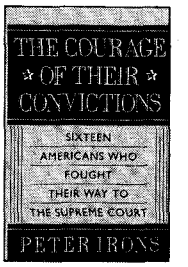

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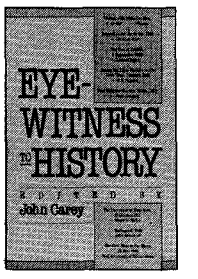

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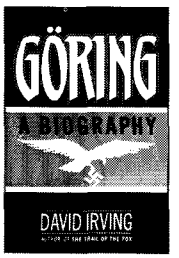

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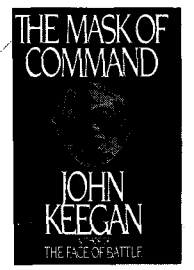

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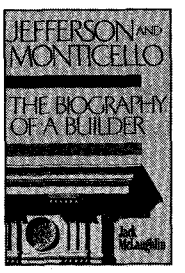

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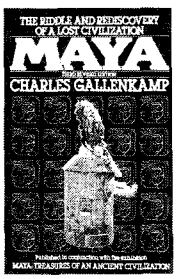

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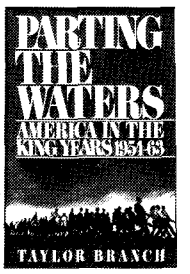

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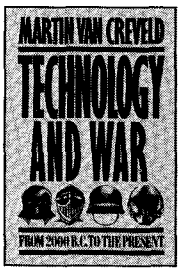

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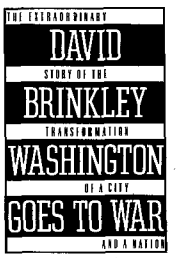

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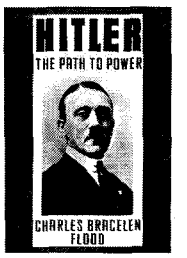

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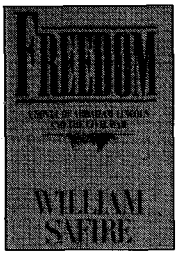

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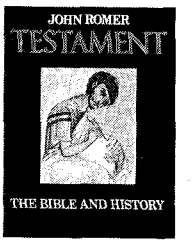

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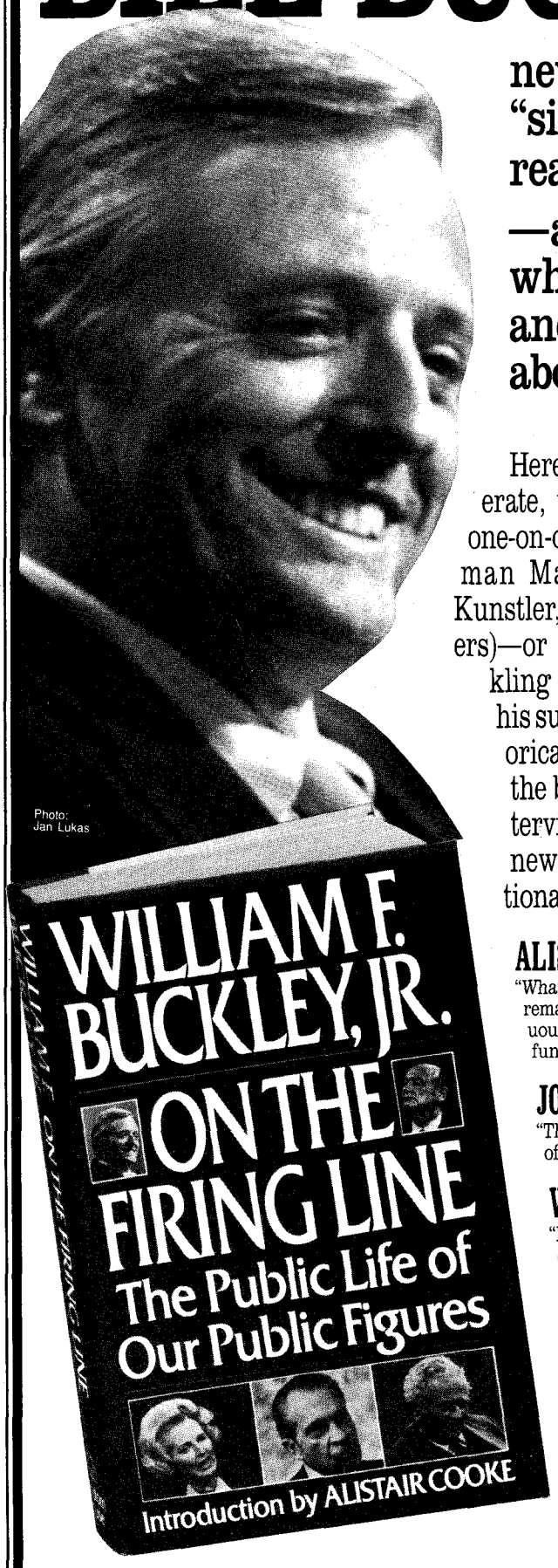

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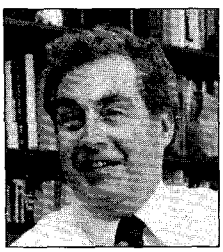
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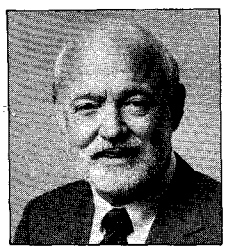
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LETTERS

It's Better than You Think

In "INF: The Soviets Cheat" ["On the Scene," May 19], David Trachtenberg, perhaps inadvertently, unduly alarms your readers about Soviet violations of the INF Treaty, spelled out in President Reagan's December 1988 Report to the Congress on Soviet Non-Compliance. He concludes, however, with sensible policy recommendations. Not only should "realism" not "forever take a back seat to inflated hopes," it should never do so where vital national interests are involved. Furthermore, it is indeed "unrealistic to assume we can rely on our wish for better U.S.-Soviet relations to deter Soviet cheating." The INF treaty was negotiated with that in mind, as President Reagan said in signing the treaty.

The INF treaty met all the criteria we and the Alliance set forth and helped establish new realities very much in our interest. Not only is the INF treaty the first actually to reduce the level of nuclear weapons rather than simply set ceilings on their growth, it also requires the Soviets to destroy many more weapons than the U.S. in order to achieve those reductions. The Soviets are eliminating INF missiles that carry roughly four times the number of warheads on U.S. INF missiles. This includes destruction of the Soviet short-range INF force (the SS-12s and SS-23s)—a category in which the U.S had no missiles deployed at all. In addition to the obvious benefits of eliminating these Soviet advantages, the precedent involved in Soviet agreement to asymmetrical reductions to equal levels—the side with more weapons must give more of them up—is already paying important dividends in other negotiating fora: e.g., in our efforts to eliminate Warsaw Pact advantages in conventional forces in Europe.

A hard-nosed reality is that the INF treaty includes the most stringent verification regime in arms-control history. This regime is grounded in the treaty requirement to eliminate within three years all U.S. and Soviet INF missile systems. It is much easier to verify zero than any finite number. Key elements of the INF verification regime include total bans on INF production and flight testing (bans that went into effect as the treaty entered into force) as well as the restriction of INF systems to declared locations and the requirement to notify the other side of movements of INF systems between such locations. Operating together, these provisions enable us, using our national technical means, on-site inspections, and additional agreed measures, to monitor the inventory of Soviet INF systems as it is reduced to zero.

This verification regime is complex, and, because it is unprecedented in scope, we are implementing many of its provisions for the first time. Since we believe no violation of a treaty can be considered a minor matter, we require strict compliance. The decision to cite Soviet violations in the report to Congress, even though corrected by the Soviets, is ample evidence of our firmness on this matter. Those who evaluate them for the public, however, should not exaggerate their impact. In no case did these Soviet activities result in Soviet advantage, and they were in the main technical and insignificant. Following our insistence on strict compliance, all of these issues were resolved to our satisfaction.

We should here note that the Soviet Union has voiced some doubts about the strictness with which the U.S. is complying with several provisions of the INF treaty. As indicated in the report on Adherence to and Compliance with Agreements, submitted to Congress last January by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, in "most cases, their concerns proved to be groundless and the Soviets dropped the issue, and in two cases, their questions identified errors in implementation which the U.S. took appropriate steps to correct."

We should, as Mr. Trachtenberg encourages us to do, strive to improve U.S. verification capabilities. Such efforts will certainly get a fair hearing in a White House occupied by a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Finally, we should turn our attention to applying the valuable lessons learned from INF to the crucial tasks of designing provisions for our other arms-control negotiations.

We also must clearly develop a policy on what to do with the knowledge we gather about treaty violations when, and if, they take place. It is not always simple to develop an appropriate response or achieve broad executive-legislative consensus behind such a response. Above all, such a consensus can only be based

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The McNeil/Lehrer News Hour

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on accurate and sober analysis of the facts free from exaggerated alarmism.

Max M. Kampelman
Washington, D.C.

Blame Carter First

In "The Week" [Aug. 4], you write: "In retrospect, it was wise of the Reagan Administration to return to Budapest the Crown of St. Stephen, which we had held since 1945—a symbol of the Hungarian nation."

To set the record straight, it was Jimmy Carter's Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, who, on January 6, 1978, returned to Hungary the ten-century-old crown, the country's most treasured symbol, which had been given to the U.S. for safekeeping in World War II. Many Hungarian-Americans protested giving the crown to the Communist government. To the Hungarian people, the Crown of St. Stephen is to be held by only the legitimate government of Hungary.

Now you, of all people, should know that the Communist government of Hungary is not worthy to have this sacred symbol of legitimacy. Please do not blame the Reagan Administration or give it credit (as you foolishly do) for this insensitive deed. Put the blame where it belongs, on the Administration that did not have an "inordinate fear of Communism": the Administration of Jimmy Carter.

Alfred W. Kucinski
Oak Ridge, N.J.

Don't Miss the HDTV Boat

Your editorial "HDTV: A Better Buggy Whip" ["The Week," July 14] trivializes the debate over government's role in reviving our consumer electronics industry.

You ask: "If HDTV is such a promising idea, why does it need all these government subsidies?" Innovation in the electronics field will undoubtedly come primarily from the private sector, with or without government financial involvement, but the last vestiges of our consumer electronics industry are in danger of disappearing. Our foreign competitors are not encumbered by our tax disincentives and antitrust policies, and they have access to significantly cheaper capital. If American industry is going to enter the HDTV [high-definition television] market, there needs to be a range of government policy support, perhaps even some financial support matched by industry on at least a one-to-one basis. This is not unrealistic given a $64-billion annual federal R&D budget that is mostly obsolete in its priorities.

The question you should be asking is: To what extent is our defense and economic security at stake if we are not in the HDTV market in the twenty-first century? On the defense side, the semiconductor chip that provides the brainpower for HDTV performs the same function in radar displays and high-performance aircraft. Conservatives usually endorse government spending for important defense-related technologies. The Strategic Defense Initiative is a good example. So is the Stealth bomber. Why not HDTV?

While it's true that "U.S. industry is already investing its own money in telecomputers and fiber optics," federal R&D funding was essential to the early development of the digital computer and computer networks.

On the economic side, HDTV, and its eventual merger with personal computers, could provide an "end-use" market that would dominate the semiconductor industry like nothing we've ever seen. In terms of global high-tech trade and the high-paying jobs it generates, to miss out on HDTV is to miss out on the twenty-first century. We would do well to boost these advanced "consumer" electronics, which are central to our global competitiveness and to better jobs for tomorrow. In short, if we do not enter the fray now, we could become a very advanced Third World nation exporting agricultural products, raw materials, and low technology.

Don Ritter
Member of Congress (R., Pa.)
Washington, D.C.

The Department of Defense is already providing money for HDTV research, but in amounts that come to only a small fraction of Congressman Ritter's proposed dollar-for-dollar subsidies. If Defense wanted to spend more on this particular technology, any semiconductor really needed for military uses could surely be supported more cheaply than by subsidizing new television technology.

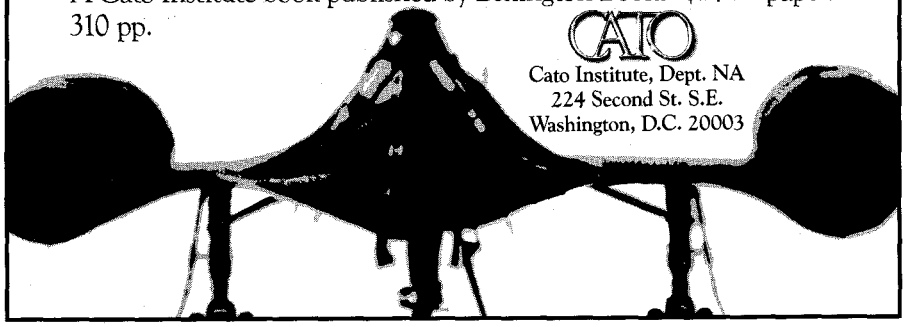
A new Congressional Budget Office study, issued after our editorial was published, is properly skeptical that HDTV will, in fact, prove to be a commercially viable "advanced" technology for the next decade, much less the next century. Consumer electronics industries are rarely a source of "high-paying jobs," but rather a brutally competitive sweat-shop business, with low valued-added. If Congress begins to pick technologies to subsidize, the U.S. really could end up a Third World nation, producing typical Third World products. What used to be called "special interests" is now called "industrial planning," but the arguments for business subsidies never change. —ED.

Collective Defense or Strategic Independence?

Alternative Strategies for the Future

edited by Ted Galen Carpenter

The doctrine of collective defense—implemented through a far-flung network of military alliances—has governed U.S. foreign policy for more than four decades. But now prominent figures on both the left and the right are taking a new look at America's global commitments. This book's contributors, including **Eugene V. Rostow, Earl C. Ravenal, Aaron Wildavsky, Alan Tonelson,** and **Christopher Layne,** suggest a variety of U.S. strategies for the years ahead. A Cato Institute book published by Lexington Books. $14.95 paper/ 310 pp.



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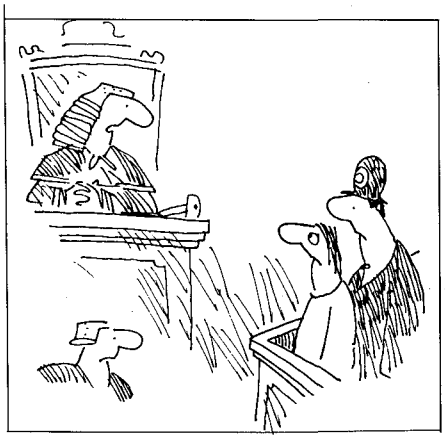
FOR THE RECORD

In Europe, **Bush** is up, and **Gorby** down. Survey of most prominent West European newspapers (Left, Right, and Center) following economic summit and Bush visit to Hungary and Poland indicates a waning of Europe's infatuation with Mikhail Gorbachev. The cooling off on Gorbachev was evident during Gorbachev's visit to Paris a fortnight earlier when the influential leftist *Le Monde* commented tartly that the French were "Gorby-philes," not "Gorby-maniacs" like the West Germans. Last week *Le Monde* called Bush's Iron Curtain visit "an incontestable success." Holland's conservative *De Telegraaf* praised U.S. arms-control initiatives "as realistic proposals more attractive than romantic Russian fantasies." *The Times* of London was critical of Gorbachev's grandstanding demand for greater East-West economic coordination. "A single realistic look around his [Gorbachev's] present troubles should tell him that it cannot be." . . . Back home, **Andrei Sakharov** has added to Gorbachev's nationalities problem by urging a looser federation of the Soviet republics along lines now developing in the Baltic states. . . . Baltic nationalists point out that Article 72 of the current Soviet Constitution reads: "Each union republic shall retain the right freely to secede from the USSR." . . . And should **Vladimir Shcherbitsky**, the iron-fisted Communist Party boss of the Ukraine, die (*U.S. News* reports he is desperately ill), it could spell more turmoil in that republic. . . . Former **Reagan** Treasury official **Paul Craig Roberts** suggests in *Christian Science Monitor* interview that U.S. should help the Soviets privatize because "we owe them a lot. They have proved conclusively that socialism does not work. No one can accuse them of half-hearted efforts or of failure to stay the course or go far enough."

As Congress took off for August break, the nation seemed well satisfied with George Bush and his Republican Party. A *N.Y. Times*/CBS poll found 67 per cent of Americans approving Bush's performance, with 48 per cent of blacks and 56 per cent of Democrats lined up behind the President. A **Gallup** found Republicans better able than Democrats to a) keep the country prosperous (51 to 31 per cent), b) maintain the peace (45 to 31 per cent), and c) handle major problems (33 to 27 per cent). . . . How come Bush is doing so well? Former vice-presidential candidate **Geraldine A. Ferraro**, acknowledging that people seem to like Bush, says, "I don't know whether it's the puppies or the grandchildren." . . . *New York Times* political reporter **E. J. Dionne Jr.** concludes that so far what he calls Mr. Bush's "the deficit-made-me-not-do-it" (i.e., not spend more money) tactic seems to be working. . . . On the other hand, Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.), disappointed by drubbing the Administration took on defense matters in the House, says Bush leaves something to be desired as a leader. He points out that Congress "is not as cowed by Bush as they were by Reagan. They were always afraid that Reagan would go to the people." . . .



Husband, *Punch* / Rothco

"Only the fact that you sprayed this obscene graffiti with an ozone-friendly spray paint prevent me from giving you a much sterner sentence."

Prospects for some cuts in capital-gains tax when Congress gets back after Labor Day were enhanced in the House Democratic Caucus just before closing, where many Democrats (perhaps as many as ninety) indicated they might go along with GOP on this one. It was enough at any rate, say **Evans & Novak**, for Majority Leader **Dick Gephardt** to reverse field: capital gains will not be matter of party discipline.

Problems of national Democratic Party were exemplified by *Boston Globe* poll on twentieth anniversary of Chappaquiddick. Who's the Democratic favorite for 1992? Why **Teddy Kennedy**, with 38 per cent of the vote to 14 for **Mario Cuomo**, 12 for **Jesse Jackson**, 10 for **Al Gore** and **Bill Bradley**. . . . Jackson has now registered in the District of Columbia, positioning himself to run for mayor of .what he calls D.C.: "occupied territory." . . . Outrage continues to color Left rhetoric on Court's *Webster* decision. **Molly Yard** of NOW says that "the Reagan-Bush Court" (a/k/a The **Rehnquist** Court) is "stacked with anti-abortion justices." . . . **Benjamin Hooks** of NAACP calls recent decisions on affirmative action and abortion "bewildering, berserk, and bizarre." . . . And Rep. **Pat Shroeder** (D., Colo.) found it amazing on **MacNeil/Lehrer** NewsHour that it was the government's concern that "absolutely every child should be born, whether they have AIDS . . . whether they're wanted, what condition their parents are in." Congressman **Henry Hyde** found it amazing that even Pat Shroeder would think that "unborn children should have their lives terminated because one of their parents had contracted AIDS."

By Their Sister Cities Shall Ye Know Them: **Berkeley**, California, became the first U.S. city to establish a sister-city relationship with East Germany when it linked up with **Jena** recently. But Jena is a comparative latecomer. Berkeley has also established sisterhood with: **León**, Nicaragua, **Oukaksie**, a black South African township, and **San Antonio los Ranchos**, a village in what the *People's Daily World* describes as the "popular zone" of El Salvador ("popular zone" is Leftspeak for guerrilla-controlled).

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THE WEEK

☐ Who says William Lucas was done in because of his race? His lack of civil-rights experience would have been a fatal disqualification for *any* non-Kennedy.

☐ Thanks to the perfervid reactions of the President, the Congress, the major networks, and two thousand newspapers to a single murder (which could not have been prevented) by a small group of fanatics, the hostage value of every American in the Middle East has doubled. Party of God, meet of Orgy of Publicity.

☐ Within the Beltway, Speaker Jim Wright was (until he self-destructed) A GOOD THING. USIA Director Charles Wick, a close personal friend of Ronald Reagan, was, largely because of that friendship, A BAD THING. In due course Wright and Wick left office, one honorably, one less so. But BADNESS and GOODNESS survive office. So it is that no one but *Human Events* (another Beltway BAD THING) noticed that when Speaker Wright left for Texas, so did the drapes and much of the furniture in the Speaker's office—on extended loan to Jim Wright's new office at Texas Christian University. But when Charlie Wick transgressed after his departure from Washington, the public outcry was such that he took himself out of contention for the unpaid post of commissioner to the Seville world's fair. Wick's transgression? Well sir, after first calling USIA to ask whether it would be proper, he put an urgent letter to a Soviet official he had been in contact with on an exchange program during his USIA directorship in THE DIPLOMATIC POUCH, thus saving himself 45 cents for an airmail stamp. An alert Beltway-wise diplomat in Moscow, discovering the unstamped letter, reported the matter to the USIA inspector general back in Washington, who felt called upon to make an official report on the matter at the cost of somewhat more than 45 cents. Charlie won't be going to Seville.

☐ Fourteen Long Islanders, seven of them scientists, joined Scientists and Engineers for Secure Energy in petitioning the New York State Supreme Court to block the closing of the vexed Shoreham nuclear power plant on Long Island. "The proposed actions," they pointed out, "would cause significant incremental emissions of carbon dioxide. . . . An oil-fired alternative to Shoreham would place about one million tons of carbon, in the form of carbon dioxide, into the atmosphere each year. Coal would place about 15 per cent more; natural gas, about 30 per cent less. Shoreham would place none." The radioactivity produced by coal-fired plants, the petitioners go on, would be as great as that produced by nuclear plants (we know about nuclear emissions, because they have to be monitored, while coal gets off scot-free). The anti-nukes are right. Nuclear power *is* a health issue: it's healthier to have it.

☐ We're not normally in the business of proffering advice to Mikhail Gorbachev, but in the spirit of *glasnost* we make this modest bid. Several years ago when a Soviet diplomat was seized in Lebanon, the Soviets are said to have kidnapped a relative of the Arab terrorists involved and then delivered some of his amputated body parts to those concerned. Lo and behold, the Soviet diplomat was quickly released. The impasse in Lebanon over the American hostages provides Mr. Gorbachev with a similar opportunity. Were he to issue the order to his minions to have the Westerners freed by similar tactics behind the scenes, he could then produce the hostages in public and take credit for a victory of Soviet "diplomacy." Think what that would do to his standing in the Gallup polls!

☐ David Lange, who resigned as Prime Minister of New Zealand last week for reasons of health, was a mixed bag politically. He led his Labour Party to two sweeping electoral victories that would, one would have thought, have brought more of the dirigiste socialism that had caused high inflation and runaway unemployment in New Zealand. But Lange was to surprise friend and foe alike. He slashed farm supports and brought business methods to state-owned enterprises—railroads, utilities, the post office—and turned them around. In due course the New Zealand dollar firmed up, inflation fell, employment opportunities opened up. In foreign policy, however, Lange remained a doctrinaire leftist on the Tony Benn order. His stubborn insistence that no ships carrying nuclear weapons could enter New Zealand waters or ports torpedoed the Anzus pact in all but name, putting him at odds not only with the United States but also

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with Australia. Still, it can be said for David Lange that he leaves his country better off than he found it. No small accolade.

☐ The newspaper headlines and television reports are continually filled with predictions that a recession must be just around the corner—after all, we've had prosperity too long. The economy, however, is still going strong. Since mid 1984 it has been humming along at a steady pace—no big booms, no recessions. In 11 of the last 12 quarters real GNP growth has been very stable, falling within the range of 0.5 to 4.5 per cent, whereas only 17 of the previous 59 quarters were within that range of stability, the other 42 quarters being times of either extreme strength or extreme stagnation. Is it possible that the cycle has been broken, and that there will be no recession in the foreseeable future? In a sense, a recession is a mistake on the part of the Federal Reserve or the business community (labor included) in reacting to a growing or shrinking economy. For example, a recession typically follows industry's producing too much inventory in order to meet growing demand. The result is gluts on various markets, which require a sharp reduction in output, which in turn requires layoffs, which mean fewer people with money to buy goods. The unprecedented growth of the past eighty months may owe something to the increasing effectiveness of computers in maintaining accurate records of sales, inventory, and growth. Computers have given bookkeepers a great deal more control, aiding businesses in avoding catastrophic mistakes and the economy —despite the media doomsaying—in avoiding a recession.

☐ A couple of weeks ago, the Senate unanimously passed a bill which would exempt the televisiion industry from antitrust laws so that the broadcasters could agree on guidelines regarding sex and violence on the screen. It may be a realistic approach, provided it survives the Senate-House conference. In the ratings/advertising game, the broadcasters know that a large number of people turn on the set by force of habit. The competition is "at the margin," one of these margins being the X number who can be drawn to perversity. All broadcasters have a good idea of how numerous the X constituency is. If they agreed to rule out that sort of appeal, they could compete for ratings on a different basis.

☐ A former HUD staff member refused to testify before a House subcommittee because, he said, he needed additional documents. Congressmen Barney Frank, disparaging the explanation, chose a curious phrase: "phony as a three-dollar bill."

☐ A Texas woman is suing the United States Government for $450,000, plus around $100,000,000,000 in interest, that she says an ancestor lent to the Congress in the Revolutionary War but was not repaid. The case will undoubtedly be thrown out on grounds that asking the government to keep its promises establishes a dangerous precedent.

☐ Writing in the *Boston Globe*'s book review, Daniel Schorr wonders why, 24 years after Adlai Stevenson's death, we are still "haunted" by him. A better question: Why, 13 years after CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr delivered a secret congressional report to the *Village Voice*, denied having done so, tried to blame fellow CBS reporter Lesley Stahl for the leak, and finally left the network in disgrace, is he still haunting us?

The President Held Hostage

EVEN IF ALL the Western hostages in Lebanon should be released—which at the time of writing seems unlikely—President Bush's policy will still have been a failure. It will have persuaded the terrorists that taking hostages gets results: the undivided attention of the President of the United States, covert negotiations through intermediaries, the general paralysis of the U.S. Government for weeks on end, and even the eventual prospect of a grand hostage-terrorist exchange that would place governments and murderous factions on equal terms.

This failure was hinted at when President Bush cancelled a regional trip to devote himself to managing the "crisis." It was assured when he made the release of the hostages his top priority. Thus, when Marine Lieutenant Colonel William R. Higgins was murdered by the Iranian-backed Shiite group Hezbollah, or Party of God, the Commander-in-Chief, instead of looking to punish those responsible, found himself desperately trying to prevent the execution of another American hostage, Joseph Cicippio. It is true, of course, that any military response to Colonel Higgins's death might result in the deaths of all 16 Western hostages in Lebanon. But since terrorist groups will always be able to seize more hostages at will, such reasoning leads to permanent U.S. impotence.

Harsh though it is, there is a greater danger than the murder of the existing hostages: namely, for their freedom to be gained by a deal with Iran or Hezbollah or both that leaves the kidnappers unpunished. The goals of terrorists are to freeze nations into inaction, drive a wedge between allies, and force governments to negotiate with them or their surrogates. On these scores Hezbollah has already been successful. Witness the White House's frenetic inaction, the game of diplomatic semaphoring with Iran, and Senator Dole's criticism of Israel for taking Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid. At this writing it is still unclear what, if anything, will come of the diplomatic overtures

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between President Bush and the new Iranian president, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani. Our feeling is that unless President Bush is contemplating a deal that he plans to break once the hostages are free, the release of all the hostages would only make the Americans more vulnerable in the future. Fresh hostages would be constantly required to ensure President Bush's interest in subsequent "deals."

Whether or not Colonel Higgins was indeed hanged as claimed by Hezbollah, the TV clip of his body swinging from a rope was a deliberage challenge to the United States. By not responding to *that* murder the President is unfortunately sending the signal that the murder of a U.S. citizen (an officer to boot) is acceptable so long as you have a few other Americans in the bag. And the only way around this is to have a clear policy that presumes hostages, once taken, are dead, and retaliates accordingly. We should not wait until another corpse is thrown at our feet before we feel ready to act. We should make clear that we will exact a cost for any action taken against American lives or American interests—a cost, we might add, that we were reluctant to impose even during the Reagan Administration. The President's obligation is not just to the men now held captive in Lebanon but to America's national interests—and those of potential hostages in the future.

The HUD Party, The Party of Patronage

HERE AND THERE, and not just in *NR* [see "The Problem at HUD," Susan Mandel, *NR*, Aug. 4], it has been noted that HUD could not have become a patronage honey-pot without the connivance, indeed the participation, of congressional "watchdogs." Representative Barney Frank, defending himself against such talk, has said, "What I did was totally different. . . . One, I wasn't getting paid. Two, members of Congress must intervene on behalf of their constituents."

Mr. Frank's distinctions do not bear scrutiny. If being in Congress gets you off the hook, then why did former Senator David Karnes (R., Neb.) land on the front page of the *New York Times* for funneling HUD money to his home state before a Republican primary?

If it's all right to get involved on behalf of constituents, then how do constituents make their needs known, except by lobbying? Isn't this what Colorado-an Joe Coors, prominently featured in everyone's exposés, did in trying to steer HUD money to Denver from no motive other than civic loyalty?

Clearly, there is an unstated factor in the allocation of outrage. Just as clearly, this factor is the Republicanism of the alleged wrongdoers. The HUD "scandal" is an assault by congressional liberals designed to establish a monopoly of patronage for the Hill and forbid any competition in pork-barrel politics from that branch of government currently controlled by the Republican Party. We saw the criminalization of policy differences in Iran-Contra; now we see the selective criminalization of patronage in the HUD case—with the media playing assistant prosecutor (despite embarrassed admissions that no laws seem to have been broken, buried in paragraph 27).

Indeed, it is interesting to compare the press's treatment of HUD with its coverage of the ongoing S&L scandal, which mostly implicates Democrats. Alan Cranston, it now turns out, intervened with regulators to protect a California S&L whose chairman was a hefty contributor to Cranston's campaigns, and to a voter-registration group that employed one of Cranston's sons. Here was a flow of actual cash from private pocket to public servant. Yet the tale got buried.

In striking out against patronage, HUD Secretary Jack Kemp shows himself to be a principled conservative (though not principled enough, alas, to criticize the programs that fuel the patronage). The profiteers from the controversy—the Franks and Cranstons of the world, and their journalistic claquers—have no principles to stand on at all. They know that in patronage, as in social climbing, the key is to know which is the right party.

Backbone, Rediscovered

Presumably, if others hang,
  We'll zap a target city
Until the subsequent slam-bang
  Gets to the right committee,
And mullahs, weary of alarms,
  Start explicating Allah
Instead of expediting arms
  To clients in Hezbollah.

W. H. VON DREELE

Stategate

HE SOUNDS like a character in a first-class spy thriller: the quiet, bland man with the secret life, Moscow's mole burrowing without suspicion for 15 years first into the foreign service and then into the senior ranks of the U.S. Government. And yet, it appears at this writing that the man alleged to fit this description, Felix S. Bloch, may never stand trial for espionage, may never even be publicly documented to have been a spy. The reason has less to do with a lack of evidence of his culpability than it has with the evident unwillingness of embarrassed senior officials

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The Health of Nations

EVERY DAY this year, Americans will spend $200 million more on health care than they did last year, the total coming to $620 billion, or 12 per cent of GNP. By comparison, Japan and the UK devote only 6 per cent of their economies to health care, but enjoy higher life expectancies and lower infant-mortality rates. Data published in 1987 by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) hint at possible explanations:

HEALTH COSTS AND CONSEQUENCES

	U.S.	UK	Japan
Physicians per 1,000 persons	1.9	1.3	1.4
Hospital admission rate (% of pop.)	17.0	12.7	6.7
Hospital beds per 1,000 pop.	5.9	8.1	12.1
Average hospital stay (days)	9.9	18.6	55.1
Hospital expenditure per day	$360	$140	$60
Caesareans per 100 deliveries	18	9	8
Infant mortality rate (males)	12.8	12.2	6.6
Life expectancy (males)	70.9	71.3	74.8

Contrary to the prevailing wisdom, the U.S. does not have excessive hospital capacity. Our bed-per-thousand-population figure—5.9—is less than half Japan's and 27 per cent below the UK's. Nevertheless, our hospital admission rate—total admissions as a percentage of population—is nearly three times Japan's and one-third higher than the UK's.

Clearly something has to give. We compensate by keeping the average hospital stay considerably shorter, (9.9 days), albeit more expensive, $360 per day in 1982, the latest year for which comparable figures for all three countries are available. Although many factors, including different mixes of medical cases, might account for these differences, the prevailing medical practice in this country seems to favor shorter, more technologically intensive hospital stays, as opposed to the longer, more deliberate therapies practiced in Europe and Japan.

Many widely used medical procedures in this country are now being called into question. Glaucoma, for example, has for years been treated first with drugs and then, if the drugs fail, with laser therapy or surgery. Yet in a recent review of the medical literature, Dr. David Eddy of Duke University found that three of the four clinical trials in which these treatments were compared with doing nothing at all indicated that the disease was more likely to progress in the treated patients.

Caesarean sections are performed far more frequently in this country than in the rest of the developed world, even though they are much more dangerous for the mother: death rates are two to four times greater than with vaginal delivery, and complication rates are higher. The U.S. ranks 17th in infant mortality among the 24 OECD nations.

From one-fourth to one-third of the 200,000 coronary-artery bypass operations done annually are now regarded as unnecessary. Our hysterectomy rate is six times that of Sweden, the nation with the best health indices in the world. Carotid endarectomy—surgery to clear the carotid artery—is done on fifty thousand patients without symptoms each year at a cost of about $250 million, although the procedure confers no certain benefit to these patients and carries a risk of death or stroke that is several times that associated with the untreated condition. Just being in a hospital can be dangerous to your health: the Centers for Disease Control attribute $2.5 billion in medical costs and twenty thousand deaths to infections acquired in hospitals.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

in Washington to permit the magnitude of treason involved in this case from becoming known.

The Center for Security Policy, a Washington-based policy organization, has dubbed the official response to the Bloch affair "Stategate." The evidence of a systematic effort, led by the State Department, to hinder the FBI's investigation of Bloch, to downplay the significance of the positions he held during his twenty years in the foreign service, and to prevent full disclosure of his misdeeds is circumstantial at this point—but intriguing, nonetheless. Consider the following:

—The story was leaked from State Department sources long before the FBI was prepared to prosecute a case against Felix Bloch. The effect of that untimely revelation was to complicate enormously the Bureau's job in documenting any transgressions—or even keeping an eye on the suspect.

—Notwithstanding this hindrance, there is reason to believe that the FBI has developed sufficient evidence to charge Bloch with espionage, and that it would do so but for the opposition of senior Justice Department officials. The latter's grounds for refusing to permit Bloch's arrest and prosecution can only be speculated

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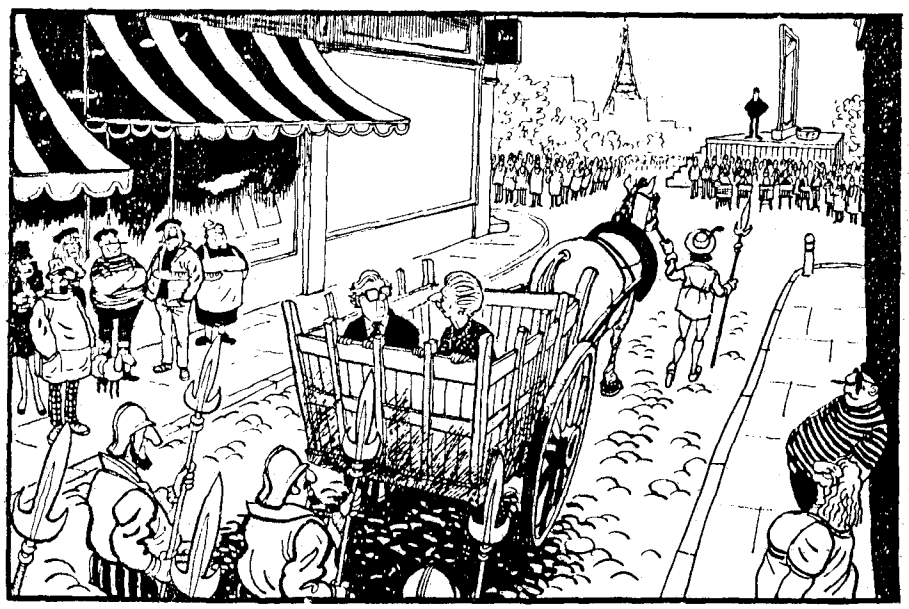
upon. It requires no great leap of logic to conclude, however, that their counterparts at the State Department have no stomach for the discovery process that would be involved.

—The State Department has been assiduously telling the press since the story first broke that Bloch was not a significant player either in Vienna or in his most recent position as an office director in Washington. Leaks from State have suggested that his motivation for any wrongdoing was nothing more than pique at being passed over for ambassadorial positions in favor of unqualified political appointees. The backgrounders have also contended that he did not have access to highly sensitive classified information and that he was not intimately involved in high-level strategy sessions involving Bush Administration policy toward the Soviet bloc. These contentions are simply untrue.

The fact of the matter is that if Bloch has been a spy, as a senior officer with responsibility for the portfolio of arguably the greatest interest to the USSR —namely, the economic, financial, and technology portfolio—his value to the KGB would have been nearly inestimable. His close association with a large number of senior State Department officials—past and present—could well have compromised their work. At the very least, it raises serious questions about the prudence of pursuing policies, like the substantial relaxation of controls on technology transfer to the East, which Bloch tirelessly promoted and which have of late found increasing favor in the Bush Administration.

The bottom line is simple: the American people have a right to know the full extent of whatever damage Mr. Bloch might have done. It is madness to embark upon a supremely risky new policy course—aimed at providing vast economic, financial, and technological assistance to the Soviet Union and the Soviet bloc—without a thorough stock-taking about Mr. Bloch's role in advocating such assistance, among other doings.

And let the chips fall where they may in Foggy Bottom.



Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Whatever Mitterrand thinks of my Common Market policies, you'd think he would send a taxi."

Real Choice

THE ROLE of "think-tanks," it has been wryly noted, is typically to "study reality in order to determine whether it will work in theory." Fortunately, New York's Manhattan Institute for Policy Research has a shrewder view of its mission and generates a disproportionate quantity of good and useful work. Newly established within the Institute is a Center for Educational Innovation, which has already produced a splendid paper entitled "Model for Choice," a careful description of perhaps the most remarkable of all the public-school choice programs in the land, the one carried out over the past decade in Community District 4 in Harlem. In this densely populated, low-income neighborhood, public education serves 15,000 children in 44 schools. All the junior-highs (and five of the elementary schools) are "open-zoned"; many are organized around particular academic specialties or emphases; and students and their parents are expected to make conscious choices about which junior-high they will attend. Each child fills out an application, listing up to six junior-highs in order of preference, and explaining why he thinks they are right for him. Sixty per cent of the students have been accepted into their first-choice school, and another 35 per cent get into their second or third.

Thus an educational marketplace arises within public education. "The continued existence of each junior high school," reports the Center for Educational Innovation, "is predicated upon its ability to attract a student body. A school that experiences a dip in applicants must assess its 'product' and make revisions where necessary. Over the years, the district has discontinued two schools that could not attract a clientele."

Over the years, the students in District 4 have also been learning more. Before the principle of choice was embraced, reading scores here were the lowest among New York City's 32 local school districts. By 1982 they had moved to 15th. In 1988, nearly two-thirds of the students in District 4 were reading at or above their grade level. And the schools are hugely popular with students, parents, and teachers alike.

It is said (*ad nauseam*) by edu-

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cationists that "choice" is beyond the ken of poor and minority children and their parents. District 4 exists today as solid proof that that is untrue. Choice is good for everyone, rich and poor, and it makes for better schools and higher pupil achievement.

We knew it worked in theory. Far more important, it also works in reality. Kudos to the Center for Educational Innovation for the documentation.

Aborting the Underclass

THE HOUSE has voted narrowly, 219 to 206, to rescind last year's restrictions on the use of District of Columbia funds to pay for abortions. Though the President has pledged to veto any D.C. spending bill that allows tax-financed abortion, pro-abortion forces celebrated the vote as a major victory for "choice."

The measure may also have another meaning. The bill would largely affect the chief rhetorical object of liberal concern, the black urban underclass. One might think that "choice" would mean something consistently libertarian, including the right of the taxpayer not to subsidize the abortionist. But the urgency of providing elective abortion for the poor seems to trump such considerations.

Support for legal abortion is not confined to feminists and liberals. Much of it comes from people with demographic anxieties, some publicly expressed in decorous talk of "overpopulation," some privately expressed in the rude language of race. Molly Yard of NOW openly admires the Chinese population-control policy, which includes forced abortion. Faye Wattleton of Planned Parenthood acknowledges that her organization frequently hears from whites who are alarmed by the black population explosion.

Such people don't often vent their concerns in front of the TV cameras, but it's safe to say they are gratified by measures, like the D.C. spending bill, that facilitate visits to the abortion clinic by young black women. Liberal opinion ordinarily insists that racism is omnipresent in America. Here is an issue on which the liberal and the racist is united, but the liberal prefers not to talk about it.

Democrats into the Breach

AFTER HOUSE DEMOCRATS got through with the Administration's defense budget, the *Washington Post* explained their defense policy thus: "They're against the weapons but for the jobs." Nice line, but it's possible to be more precise.

Secretary Cheney proposed to save almost a billion and a half dollars by cutting two weapons entirely—an upgraded model of the F-14, and a flying troop carrier known as the Osprey. Congressmen from New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas, where the aircraft were to be made, rallied to save them.

The House more than made up the money by taking it from strategic spending. Remember when we all went ho-ho-ho over the story that Ronald Reagan believed cruise missiles could be recalled? Well, House Democrats don't seem to know that bombers are essential for a number of reasons, including the fact that they *can* be recalled—and so they cut over a fifth of the budget for the Stealth bomber. They also slashed the MX missile's rail mobility, whereupon Republicans, in a fit of retaliatory pique (a second strike?) got rid of the Midgetman. Needless to say, the Democrats cut more than a quarter of SDI's budget.

House Democrats do have a defense policy, and it is this: They're in favor of any conventional war that can be fought with weapons made in politically potent districts. Let us hope that Gorbachev's successor, or Qaddafi's, or Rafsanjani's, obliges them by staying within those limits.

Since Ronald Reagan's first election, the House has functioned as a symbol of liberal countergovernment, a kind of Jacobite court-in-exile. The Democrats' ethical pretensions have not survived the fall of their Speaker and Majority Whip. Their strategic pretensions, such as they were, do not survive their defense antics.

For Mayor of New York

Lauder's polls are bottomless;
Dinkins bilked the IRS;
Giuliani's summoned Ailes;
Ravitch rides a bed of nails;
Goldin's stuck at 4 per cent:
That leaves Mayor Koch, who went
Catatonic last week when
Scandal reared its head again.

W. H. VON DREELE

Who Owns Time?

THE MONTHS-LONG BATTLE over who would own and manage Time Inc. has finally been settled, to the detriment of Time's shareholders, by the Delaware state court. The legal issue was a matter of splitting hairs over whether or not Time's managers had put the company up for sale when they agreed in March to merge with Warner Communications. In the initial scheme, since Time was the smaller company, its shareholders would have received only 40 per cent of the combined stock. This allowed Paramount to claim that Time was being bought by Warner, and to make its own offer to Time's shareholders.

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Bonzai!

The UAW went *splat*
In Smyrna, Tennessee,
Which leaves Detroit uneasy as
The Japanese feel free
To roll 'em out and line 'em up
Until they're sipping tea
In showrooms of the rising sun
From sea to shining sea.

W. H. VON DREELE

But they were not allowed to choose; instead, the issue was moved from the marketplace, where it belonged, to the court. In the event, Time will take on an extra $14 billion in debt, diluting the profits left to pay dividends to its shareholders. The final deal with Warner is slightly more balanced than the initial one, yet still leaves the stock price depressed and has Warner people filling half the seats on the board.

The fundamental issue is shareholder rights. It is the shareholders, not the managers or board of directors, who really *own* Time. A merger with Warner was indeed "friendly" (one of the legal points at issue): that is, friendly to the existing management of Time, but distinctly unfriendly to the shareholders. Time claims the deal will benefit shareholders "in the long run," but if investors believed that, the stock price would rise. Instead, it fell like a stone as soon as it became likely that Paramount's bid would be stopped. Paramount had offered $200 a share, and analysts reckon Time's assets would really be worth $240 if properly managed. Yet the stock sold for only $130 before the merger activity—a sure sign of mismanagement. Magazines are no longer Time's best assets. Yet Time's valuable cable-TV operations, second largest in the country, are widely considered an underdeveloped asset.

In all of these decisions, the true owners of Time have had no voice at all. They have now ended up with stock worth something like $50 to $80 a share less than Paramount was probably willing to pay. Since shareholders could not get any better treatment from the court than they got from Time's management, the next step should be to work to get the Delaware law changed so that this kind of neglect of shareholder interests won't happen again.

Shutterbuggery

THE MAPPLETHORPE uproar roars on, even though the controversial photo exhibit, which includes plenty of explicit perversity, has been removed from its scheduled site [see "On the Scene," Aug. 4] to a small gallery under purely private auspices. The predictable cries of censorship are ringing off the Capitol walls, and everyone from George Will to *The Village Voice* has been sneering at the philistinism of Jesse Helms for introducing a measure to deny federal funding to filthy art.

The funny thing is, Helms is right. The monster from North Carolina seems to be the only public figure who truly appreciates Robert Mapplethorpe's art. It has fallen to him to point out not only that the Emperor is wearing no clothes but that he is performing unnatural acts. To say this is not to disparage Mapplethorpe's art but to specify it.

That Mapplethorpe (who died of AIDS in March) was wondrously gifted is undeniable. His arresting portraits of clothed people and his subtly gorgeous still-lifes would have made his reputation, if not quite as many headlines, without benefit of sodomy.

But it was intrinsic to Mapplethorpe's art to try to aestheticize the obscene. He deliberately chose subjects that shock the normal sense of decency and displayed them for the sake of their abstract form. He counted on and exploited the dual reaction to create tension in the viewer: what is indecent and immoral becomes stunningly beautiful. And, thus, especially disturbing.

But to pretend the obscenity isn't *there*—that it exists only in the dirty mind of Jesse Helms—is as false to the pictures as to deny their beauty. Some of the acts Mapplethorpe photographs would cause comment at a hairdressers' convention. Which is simply to say, we have a right to be shocked when someone tries to shock us.

But is it art? Yes, yes, it's art, maybe great art—and so what? Great artistry may be used immorally, just as a saintly artist may produce banality. There is no strict correlation between the moral and the aesthetic, and there is no need for morality to grovel before the claims of Art. Anyone who wants to subsidize a Mapplethorpe is free to. The public should be free not to.

Is History Over?

THE APPARENT WANING of the cold war and the internal crumblings of the world's two great Communist powers have produced a good deal of euphoria in the West. The mood is understandable. But is it justified?

The answer, says Francis Fukuyama, is a resounding yes. Writing in *The National Interest*, Fukuyama, a State Department official, offers an audacious thesis: We appear to have arrived at "the end of history."

He makes a powerful case—tentative, to be sure—for sober optimism. "What we may be witnessing," he writes, "is not just the end of the cold war, or the passing of a particular period of postwar history,

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but the end of history as such: that is, the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government."

Fukuyama sees signs of the times everywhere. The West is strong and prosperous. The Communist powers have lost their faith and their nerve. Fascism is dead. The market economies are booming. Those who predict the inevitable victory of socialism—those who even believe socialism to be viable—are increasingly marginal to political discussion in the free societies. Expansionist ultranationalism is in thorough disrepute all over the world. The Soviet Union and China have ceased being beacons of hope to new regimes and insurrectionist movements.

Liberal democracy, as a potentially universal principle, has no serious rivals. Religious and nationalist movements have some local vitality here and there—especially in the Middle East—but Western-style commercialism pervades even Khomeini's Iran. In the Communist countries themselves, liberal democracy is becoming normative.

Fukuyama isn't facile about all this. He recognizes that different countries approach the paradigm at different speeds, and that there may be some regional conflicts between regimes that embrace it and those that resist it. But the era of global conflict—world war and cold war—is, he believes, behind us.

The thesis is as provocative as it is encouraging. Like any plausible prediction, it is hard to refute. Yet history has already supplied some relevant data in the weeks since Fukuyama wrote. An opposition party has won an election in Poland, and its delegates are sitting harmoniously among the Communist officials who until last year were jailing them. And all this with the blessing of the Soviet Union, whose official press will soon be publishing *The Gulag Archipelago*. Only a madman would have predicted this five years ago.

The Chinese crackdown, though it rebukes easy optimism, tends on the whole to support Fukuyama. Its character was reactionary and authoritarian, the desperate cruelty of an ageing oligarchy. It only underscored the evident fact that Communism is moribund. In Tiananmen Square the world saw it dramatically pitted against the youth, idealism, and unrest it used to claim as its own.

Fukuyama is not predicting an era of universal brotherhood, merely the end of universal conflict. China may manage to keep Communism, but it won't be selling it abroad any more. Liberal democracy is emerging as a global norm, though it won't prevail everywhere. One needn't adopt Fukuyama's Hegelian language to agree that the world seems finally to have passed through a terrible period that is unlikely to recur. If he is right, the world has learned the lessons of the twentieth century. It has been an expensive education.

Michael Harrington, RIP

A SELF-DESCRIBED advocate of the poor and the dispossessed, and a socialist, of all things, Michael Harrington died of throat cancer on July 31.

Mr. Harrington first burst upon general consciousness with his 1962 book *The Other America*, in which he discovered poverty. This book made a tremendous impact upon the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and was a large factor leading to Johnson's massive War on Poverty. Most obituaries have "credited" Harrington with this sequence of events.

In fact, the War on Poverty was less successful than the parallel Vietnam War. At least we are not still losing the Vietnam War, but the War on Poverty is a continuing catastrophe. At a cost of billions of dollars, it brought into existence a permanent underclass, and a permanent welfare bureaucracy to minister to it and exploit it. There are many more poor people and a much larger underclass today than when the Harrington-LBJ war was launched. As warriors go, these two made General Westmoreland look like Napoleon.

As a young man in the 1950s, Harrington was a vigorous political debater. On one occasion he took on William Rusher in the basement of a Greenwich Village church. Before a packed house, Harrington

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impressed one *NR* senior editor in attendance as a good-looking Irishman who just might half-believe the silly things he was saying. (Rusher won.)

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am going to be entering college (University of California, Irvine) in the fall and majoring in political science. Yes, it is my hope to some day be President of the United States (don't worry, the ADA would probably give me a negative number if they could), but it is my ultimate goal in life one day to make the cover of your magazine.

Sincerely,
Christopher M. Larkins
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Mr. Larkins: Tell you what, you become chairman of the political-science department of the University of California at Irvine, and I guarantee you the cover of *NR*. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was distressed to learn from "On the Right" (*NR*, June 16) that the only political committee to which you belong is the Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet. I am sorry you are no longer with us. Please send me the name, if known to you, of your successor as Chairman.

Sincerely,
Richard L. Hoffman
The National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson
Palatine, Ill.

Dear Mr. Hoffman: The important & honorable committee to which you refer went out of action when DP departed the scene. But I hope you have not lost your badge. One day these will be valuable, the legacy of a prophetic class! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The best response the people of the free world can make to the recent horrors in Peking is to give the people of Hong Kong a Statue of Liberty. The statue should be placed in Hong Kong harbor, and the construction should be financed by donations from people all over the world. If France can give a statue to America, then the people of the world can give one to China.

The symbolic power of this statue would be immense. It would send a strong message about the recent slaughter, but also about the upcoming Communist takeover of Hong Kong, in 1997. An Asian sister to our "Liberty" might easily become as powerful a symbol in the East as our Liberty is in the West.

Please help to spread this idea.

Jason Dinalt
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Dinalt: I'd be willing to contribute, but would Hong Kong be willing to accept it? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Given Mr. Bush's remarks in Mainz, I thought your readers would be interested in a few facts about the Berlin Wall:

—9,600 East Germans fled West in 1988. Another three thousand have made it to freedom so far this year.

—Bonn estimates 1.5 million East Germans would emigrate if they could. East Germany's population is 17 million.

—Almost 700,000 East Germans have applied for exit visas.

In case you were wondering whether The Wall still serves a purpose.

Bennett Owen
1000 Berlin 28
West Germany

Dear Mr. Owen: Thanks for the figures. The only discouraging aspect of it is that, if they are correct, over 15 million Germans would stay in East Germany. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

BuckPac seemed like a great idea at the time, but explain it to me again so that I'm sure I understand it. Was the idea to replace a Republican who voted like a liberal Democrat with a Democrat who votes like a liberal Democrat?

If so, your plan has worked splendidly thus far. Now that the horrible Mr. Weicker is gone, is it premature to hope that BuckPac will swing its support to a Republican who votes like a conservative?

Sincerely,
Tammy Davidson
Moraga, Calif.

Dear Miss Davidson: Ho ho ho, you have a fun way of putting things. It is important to remember about Mr. Weicker that he was unique. I.e., he both voted the wrong way and said things—well, said things indigestible to the discriminating ear. But on your main point, of course: BuckPac is in favor of a) conservative Republicans; b) the two-party system; and c) tolerable liberals, which excluded L. Weicker. BuckPac's Horse's Ass Committee is currently collecting data on the basis of which it will advise whether there is a nubile contender in 1990. If so, BuckPac will KILL AGAIN! Cordially, **—WFB**

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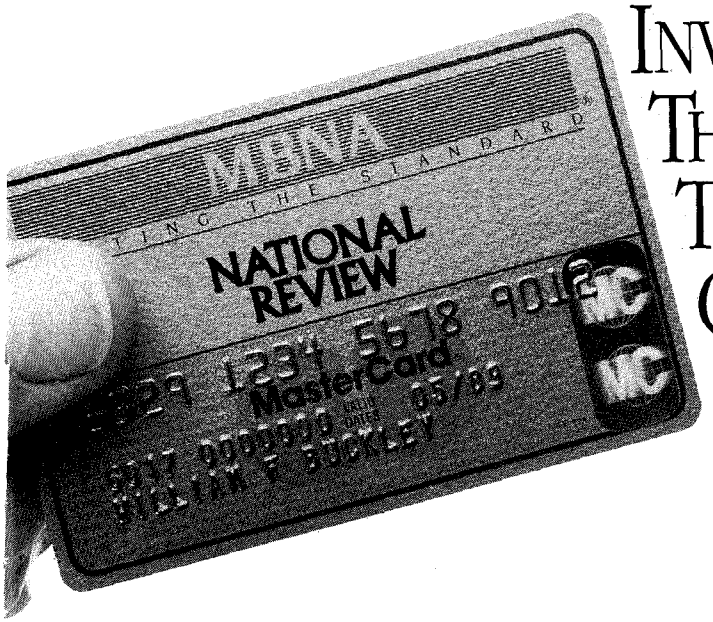

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ON THE SCENE

GUESS WHO'S (NOT) COMING TO DINNER

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Say you're a black politician; successful, intelligent, and tired of a Democratic civil-rights orthodoxy that has gone from promoting a "color-blind" society to one full of racial quotas and preferences. After considerable soul-searching you become a Republican, have a well-publicized meeting with President Ronald Reagan, and even run for governor in your home state. You are defeated. But you don't worry all that much, because the Republican Party is out to "broaden the base" of its appeal. You think you might have a future with these new Republicans.

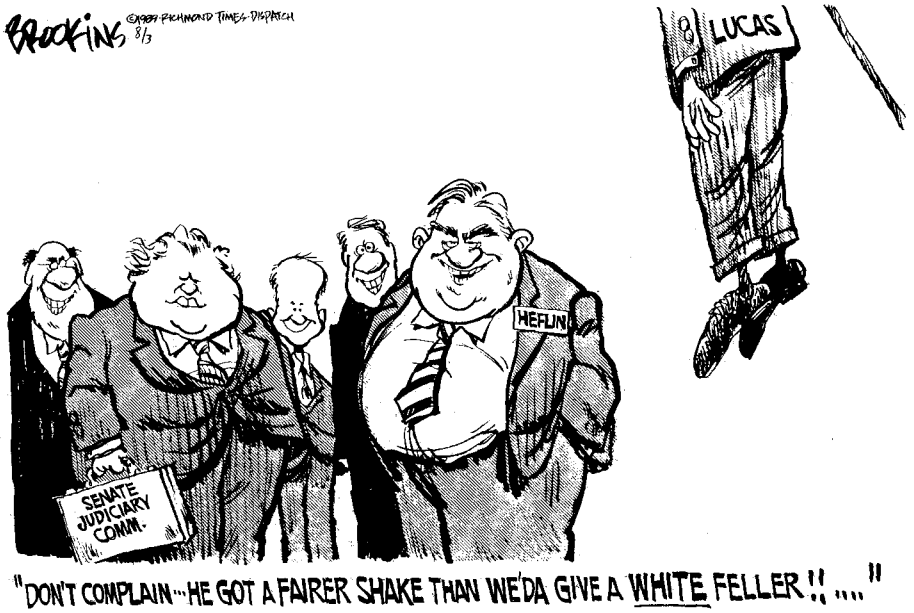
You would be wrong.

William Lucas found this out the hard way, when the Senate Judiciary Committee refused to endorse him as assistant attorney general for civil rights. Early on, the Administration strategy was to line up as many black establishment figures as possible on Mr. Lucas's side in the hope of preempting any criticism over the nominee's conservative stand on issues such as racial quotas. But this backfired when the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Representative John Conyers (D., Mich.) reversed themselves. Mr. Lucas found himself on the defensive and, ultimately, defeated. Where the Bush Administration goes from here—some urge the President to give Mr. Lucas a recess appointment anyway—will soon tell us whether the Republican Party really is all that committed to an opportunity society—and whether it is up to the fight that this entails.

"It surprised me," says the chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, William B. Allen, of the Judiciary Committee vote. "I thought they would wound him, allow him to squeak through, and then use that to kill the Thomas nomination later [Clarence Thomas, a conservative who is up for a judgeship on the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals]. But they evidently think they're in the driver's seat and don't have to pay *any* price. They'll kill Thomas anyway."

But Mr. Lucas was as much a victim of the Bush Administration as he was of Conyers & Co. Instead of allowing him to campaign for himself on his considerable merits as a respected lawman and four-times-elected official—something Jesse Jackson has yet to achieve—he was touted as a black success story unencumbered by controversial opinions. What this suggests is that the Bush Administration views civil rights as a parochial black issue rather than a national issue involving the nature of American society. This means certain defeat because it is fighting on its opponents' terms. It was concern about this that led Mr. Allen to send off a sharp letter to the White House director of personnel, in which he complained that civil rights "is too important a business for country-club Republicans to set aside for their caddies."

Conservatives like Mr. Allen argue that the problem is not appointments per se but policy: instead of taking on an out-of-touch and discredited black establishment, the White House is kowtowing to it. The courting of Jesse Jackson is the prime example. In the past few months he has met with President Bush at the White House and even convinced Attorney General Richard Thornburgh to address his PUSH convention in July. And how did Jackson repay these kind overtures? He allowed the Attorney General to be savaged at the PUSH meeting, he reversed his earlier position that he would not oppose Mr. Lucas, and on NBC's *Meet the Nation* the Sunday before the Judiciary Committee vote he charged the President with "a sin-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HEFLIN
SENATE JUDICIARY COMM.
"DON'T COMPLAIN--HE GOT A FAIRER SHAKE THAN WE'DA GIVE A WHITE FELLER!! ...."

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ister play on race" for nominating Mr. Lucas.

"The Bush Administration is playing the old Republican game," says former Reagan official and 1988 Republican senatorial candidate Alan Keyes. "First they establish the moral credentials of their opponents. Then the opponents use that to crush them."

Today these oppoents have focused their attention on a cluster of Supreme Court decisions that were at the center of the Lucas hearings. Although hardly the rollback of affirmative action that critics say they are, the decisions did among other things argue that a disparity in numbers is not enough to prove discrimination, that whites penalized by affirmative-action agreements can challenge them, and that in the absence of proven past discrimination, set-aside quotas for minority contracts are unjustifiable legal privileges. The President's failure to hail these decisions as triumphs (he calls them "technical corrections") translates into a typical Republican worst-of-both-worlds compromise, alienating the black establishment without advancing the conservative alternative. Forced to defend this position, Mr. Lucas ended up looking like an inarticulate boob when the real problem was the lack of an articulate Administration policy.

Indeed, if there is an exploited group of people today, it has to be black Republicans, who over the years have taken the heat for their principled stands on such issues as quotas, minimum wage, and welfare, only to see a Republican President undercut their efforts. In a recent article in *Policy Review* Mr. Keyes noted, for example, that when he accepted an invitation to give a speech to the party convention in New Orleans, he was sent guidelines that had him "speaking as though [he] were some kind of political shill to lure unsuspecting blacks into the Republican tent." To his credit he refused and instead spoke on Republican themes of unity and opportunity, a show of independence that probably cost him an appointment in the Administration.

But Mr. Keyes is only one of a number of black conservatives who have been left out in the cold. Building up black conservatives doesn't even require appointments (although conservatives would be delighted to see Mr. Keyes heading AID). What it does require is a President willing to use his office to promote those who embrace Republican principles rather than the Jacksons who oppose them; publicized White House visits would help. "What incentive is there?" asks one Administration official. "The Benjamin Hookses and the Jesse Jacksons are welcomed in the front door but the black conservatives who have toiled in the vineyards for years are still hanging out by the back."

In the aftermath of the vote on Mr. Lucas, Republicans on the Judiciary Committee charged the Democrats with voting against Mr. Lucas because he was black. "Racism," said a frustrated Senator Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.). Hogwash. Democrats voted against Mr. Lucas not because of his color but because they understood, correctly, that Bill Lucas was a man of proven conviction who was in general agreement with the thrust of recent Supreme Court decisions moving away from a system of racial quotas and set-aside contracts toward a "color-blind" society. He was thus a threat to the Democratic and black-establishment agenda. It was the White House that didn't understand. □

PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC REVUE

ANTHONY DANIELS

PYONGYANG—ONE of the Great Leader Kim Il-sung's less-well-known attributes is his exquisite sense of humor. He has been playing hilarious practical jokes on the people of North Korea for four and a half decades, and there is simply no end to his inventiveness.

Take the construction of the Ryugyong Hotel in downtown Pyongyang, for example. This 105-story concrete pyramid, which looks like a spaceship from a 1940s science-fiction comic strip, will one day have three thousand rooms and a conference hall seating two thousand. For a country with an economy like North Korea's, the hotel represents an enormous investment. The joke is that Pyongyang is already grossly oversupplied with hotels, 90 per cent of whose rooms are permanently unoccupied. The real reason for the Ryugyong's construction is that the South Koreans were awarded a commercial contract to build a 103-story hotel in Singapore.

Or take Pyongyang Department Store Number 1. During the recent World Festival of Youth and Students, a Soviet-funded jamboree that brought 15,000 people from around the world to Pyongyang, it was specially stocked with goods that are normally never seen in the city. They were piled neatly onto shelves from which they were then never moved—the piles were as perfect and untouched at the end of the day as at the beginning. Through the store, up and down the escalators, thousands of North Koreans trudged like extras in a movie. These Potemkin shoppers left the store with no more than they entered with—I stood at the entrance for half an hour to check. I then followed some of the "customers" for a while: round and round they went, occasionally halting for a few minutes at a counter to make it appear busy. Once I stared too long at a counter and the assistant, growing uncomfortable under my gaze, suddenly started to give everyone brown plastic bowls. The recipients did not know what to do with them. Some took them to the counter opposite, others shuffled round in little circles with them. None took them and left, and I ceased watching to put an end to their discomfort.

But never let it be said that North Korea is drab. The money is most colorful—blue for hard currency, red for rubles, and white for the Korean masses. One time I caused a sensation by buying a pen: Koreans gathered round to watch this extraordinary and unaccustomed transaction. Did it mean that pens were really for sale? Only for blue money, of course.

And then I saw the Potemkin shoppers receive their wages at the end of their shift: they lined up at the cos-

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metics counter and each of them received a little tub of rouge, many of them coming away bemused, not knowing what it was they had received. This was surely wittier than anything in Orwell.

The participants in the Festival of Youth and Students were housed in a vast complex of apartment blocks, gymnasia, hotels, and auditoria built originally for the 1988 Olympics. Recent history had undergone swift revision, however: none of the Olympic events was held in Pyongyang, and the participants in the festival were therefore told that the whole complex was built specially for them. They were informed also that it had been built by enthusiastic workers who "volunteered" their spare time and their days off. This was not so much an untruth as a confirmation of Engels's prescient dialectical definition of freedom, which he said was nothing other than the recognition of necessity.

The festival was held under the slogan (everything in North Korea is held under a slogan) FOR ANTI-IMPERIALIST SOLIDARITY, PEACE, AND FRIENDSHIP! Certain of the national delegations had to be kept apart lest they quarreled and cast doubt on the otherwise unquestionable truth that all conflict in the world is caused by American duplicity; but everyone without exception felt able to call down anathema on South Africa, encouraged by posters depicting the various races of mankind in a state of prelapsarian harmony. How surprising, therefore, to meet Africans studying in North Korea who were warned by officials on their arrival that, since Koreans were a homogeneous people, the Africans would be deported if they were ever found with Korean women, and the women would be killed.

One of the Great Leader's most engaging little jokes is the assertion that the state he founded is anti-fascist, when in fact North Korea is a fascist state in almost pure form. Whenever they were asked about the complete absence from Pyongyang of disabled people, our guides replied with ominous decisiveness, "This problem has been solved." Pyongyang has absurdly wide boulevards, more for tanks than for traffic. The special Kim Il-sung salute is fascist: one enormous poster shows a giant Kim with his arm outstretched, Hitler-like, over the Lilliputian masses.

But it is in its regular mass rallies and ceremonies, whose purpose is to overwhelm all reason and make the individual aware of his own deep insignificance, that North Korea reveals itself to be truly National Socialist. The opening ceremony of the Festival of Youth and Students involved seventy thousand performers and was held in a stadium seating 150,000. Ranks of young men goose-stepped while bearing symbols of peace. Two thousand musicians played martial music while tens of thousands of dancers formed themselves into the shape of a flower, the *kimilsungia*. Twenty thousand children held up and then swiftly changed colored cars to produce anti-imperialist slogans, pictures of steelworks, and portraits of the Great Leader. They had been drilled steadily for six months, and foreign residents told me they had seen military truckloads of children returning home from rehearsals at two in the morning. How the Great Leader loves children!

And when finally he made his entrance into the stadium, after nearly two hours of rising hysteria, 200,000 Koreans threw up their arms in orchestrated adoration and emitted a deep-throated roar for minutes on end. The credo of North Korea is that the Korean people are one; Korea is one; and Kim is its Leader. *Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer!*

North Korea claims, quite literally, to be a paradise. No one is free to move in it, much less to leave it. But those fortunate to live in Pyongyang can amuse themselves with revolutionary operas such as *Song of Joy*, performed by five thousand artists:

PROLOGUE: Song of Joy Dedicated to the Leader
ACT I: Happiness Blossoms from Great Love
Song: Treasures Shine in the Loving Sunlight
Song: We Owe the Bumper Crop to the Leader
ACT II: We Are the Happiest in the World
ACT III: The Sunlit People's Paradise
Children's Dance: We Are the Happiest in the World
Folk Song and Dance: My Country Is a People's Paradise
ACT IV: Following the Leader and the Party
Dance and Chorus: Follow the Leader and the Party Forever
FINALE: Song of Long Life and Good Health to the Leader

The song "We Owe the Bumper Crop to the Leader" has lyrics that would make any North Korean laugh, if only laughter were permitted:

A Year of plenty has come,
A Year of plenty has come,
A Year of plenty has come to our farm . . .
Is this record crop due to our fields
Or due to fine weather?
The fatherly love bore fruit . . .
The golden hills and golden fields are all rich
O the Great Leader's . . . farming method
Has brought a record crop to this land.

What is funny about this? Simply that there is hunger in the provinces and food rationing in the capital, which everyone knows will last forever. □

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—With Washington boasting the highest percentage of working mothers of any city in the nation, it's not surprising that many lawmakers have become convinced that nobody stays home with the kids any more. Evidently they have also become convinced that the only approach to child care is for the government to fund institutional day care, because only it can be properly monitored by a bureaucracy of specialists. This is the approach taken in the ABC child-care bill passed by the Senate in June. It is also the rationale for two bills now making their way through the House, which is expected to have a floor vote on one of them after Labor Day.

The Act for Better Child Care is

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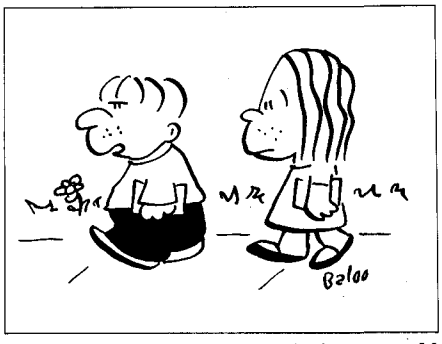

"School wouldn't be so bad if you could fast-forward through it."

sponsored by the unlikely duo of Senator Christopher Dodd (D., Conn.) and Orrin Hatch (R., Utah). It would subsidize day-care centers through federal grants, with nearly a third of the estimated $12-billion price tag going to pay for administrative and regulatory compliance. In some states, families earning up to $47,000 could qualify for this assistance so long as their children were in one of the government-approved day-care centers. Traditional homes—i.e., the 54 per cent of American families with young children in which the parents choose to forgo a second income so the mother can stay home with the children—don't fare nearly as well. The same goes for the next largest group of parents with preschoolers—those who leave their children with a relative—and the third largest, who use small, family day-care providers.

In short, this child-care package would set up a bureaucratic decision-making process that favors large, secular day-care centers over other, less institutional care. Although this is being done in the name of "choice," the irony is that the large day-care centers favored by these bills serve only 11 per cent of the population. Their advantage is purely political: not only are they more likely to meet some child-care specialist's idea of what constitutes quality care (such as written statements of their policy goals), they can pull the right bureaucratic strings. "If you have a political struggle, grandma is going to loose," says the Heritage Foundation's Robert Rector.

The Senate proposal ostensibly permits states to offer parents certificates to pay for child care in church-run day-care centers, which provide one-third of all institutional day care. But the church centers would have to submit to state regulation to receive the funds, something few would be willing to do. Even should this be allowed initially, moreover, this provision would probably be challenged by left-wing groups opposed to any public funding for religious-based organizations. Mr. Rector says a black staffer on the Hill whose own two children are in her church's day-care center came up to him after he had testified on the subject before a House committee. "She said, 'I recognize that under ABC I wouldn't get any assistance. But that doesn't matter to me because the most important thing for me is to have my chidren raised in an environment that honors God. And if I have to be poor the rest of my life I will do so.' This is a verbatim quote because it was just imprinted on my neurons," says Mr. Rector.

What the ABC bill would do is help make that young mother poorer, by taxing her to pay for institutional care for others, including the children of two-income families (which on average earn over 50 per cent more than families with one breadwinner, according to the latest Census Bureau figures). In fact, traditional families in which the father works and the mother stays home to care for the children make up the largest category of low-income families.

"The most reasonable thing and the most effective thing that the Federal Government can do to improve accessibility of child care, to improve affordability of child care, and to improve reliability of child care is to concentrate as large an amount of its resources as possible on strengthening the financial position of families who have small children to care for," says Michael Schwartz of the Free Congress Foundation. As Mr. Rector says, "The average mother contributes about 30 per cent of the total family income in a two-parent family, and the average federal tax burden on that family is about 24 per cent. Mom is not working to raise the family income. She's working to pay off Uncle Sam. The way to help those families is not to build more day-care centers to put more women in the workforce to pay their tax bill, it's to cut their tax bill."

President Bush's child-care proposal aimed to do exactly that by providing an earned-income tax credit for families earning under $15,000 that have young children. The Bush bill was defeated in the Senate, but the idea makes so much more sense that the Democrats have tacked similar tax-relief provisions onto their own heavily centralized, bureaucratic versions.

What's surprising about the Senate child-care package, meanwhile, is not how bad it is; Senator Dodd's endorsement fairly guarantees that. The surprising thing is to find Senator Hatch listed as co-sponsor. One rumor has it that he would like to be on the Supreme Court some day and doesn't want Democrats to turn him into another Judge Bork. Whatever the fate of his bill, it's hard to argue for convincing conservative alternatives when leading conservative lawmakers embrace the liberal status quo. □

SELECTIVE TERRORISM

AVIGDOR HASELKORN

PALO ALTO, Calif.—Earlier this year, a PLO official denied that PLO guerrillas were engaged in terrorism when they carried out "a military operation . . . aimed at attacking Israeli soldiers."

The PLO has thus joined a growing list of terrorist organizations which have recently claimed adherence to a "selective terrorism" approach aimed, they say, at avoiding noncombatant targets. For example, ETA-Militar, the dominant group within the Basque separatist movement, expressed its "regrets" to the "entire Catalan people" for a murderous bombing in Barcelona in June 1987. It pledged to use "all means" at its disposal "to guarantee the selectivity of its actions." After the

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Irish Republican Army's (IRA) November bombing at Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, which killed 11 and injured sixty, its general staff said: "The IRA must link its military victories to its political success, and killing civilians cannot be part of this plan. This would be terrorism." And the general command of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN), fighting to oust the regime in El Salvador, said on February 28, 1989, that it will reduce the use of car bombs "because we deem that procedure highly risky for civilians."

Few if any terrorist organizations have actually shifted exclusively to "selective targeting." But the new pattern is increasingly to mix some spectacular operations against "selected" targets with the more familiar terrorist approach. For example, following a car-bomb attack on the British army headquarters in Rheindahlen, West Germany on March 24, 1987, the IRA said it aimed "to inflict a devastating blow, but to avoid civilian casualties."

The propaganda effort launched in conjunction with these operations indicates the strong political motivation of the approach. First, it seeks to undermine whatever cooperation the West has achieved in its counter-terrorism efforts, by reviving a divisive debate over what constitutes terrorism. The new tactic seeks to exploit such ambiguities as those contained in the U.S. State Department's definition of terrorism, namely premeditated, politically motivated violence perpetrated against targets by sub-national groups. (This formulation discounts, for example, the October 1983 attack on the U.S. Marine headquarters in Beirut, which killed 241 American soldiers.)

Secondly, "selective terrorism" aims to facilitate the radical struggle by politically isolating those resisting it. By pledging publicly to avoid non-combatant targets, militant organizations would like the world to believe that they are engaged in "legitimate resistance," rather than terrorism. It is the authorities' effort to suppress the "legitimate" challenge which must be condemned as "state terrorism."

Third, the apparent shift to "selective terrorism" is meant to overcome the counter-productive effects produced by indiscriminate attacks. On the one hand, terrorist atrocities can trigger a popular backlash; on the other, many Western governments already choose to equate selectivity with moderation. In short, terrorists and their backers are seeking to make terrorism more acceptable, thus more feasible.

Contrary to popular belief, the more pronounced the shift to "selective terrorism" becomes, the graver its strategic consequences will be. First, it is likely to increase the incidence of terrorism through minimizing the political costs involved. Secondly, some terrorists see the "selective" approach as more effective, particularly given the pitfalls of indiscriminate attacks.

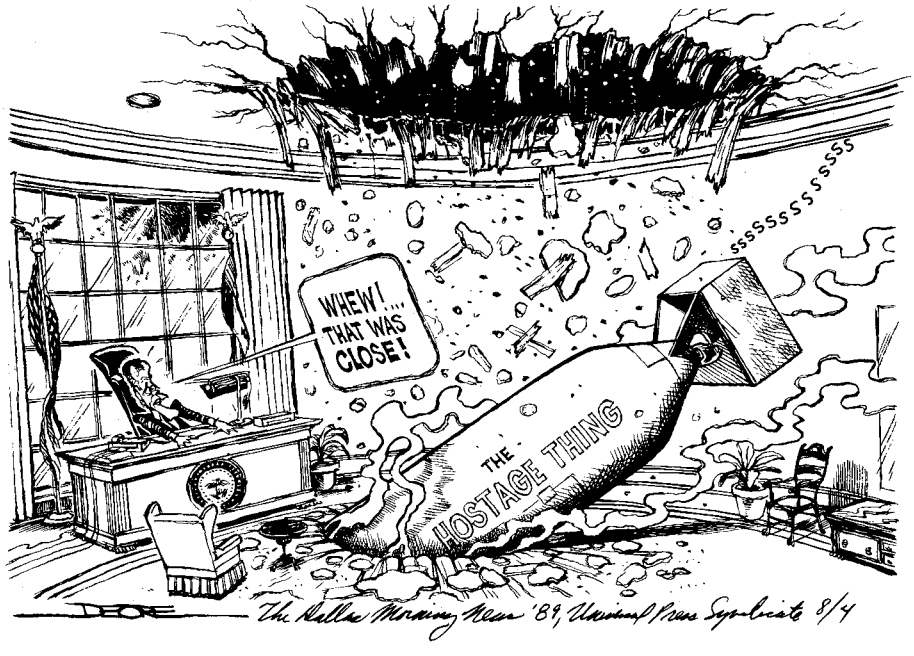
Muhammad Abbas, leader of the Palestine Liberation Front (PLF), promised to launch "exceptional surprise actions" against selected targets inside Israel: "We believe the main losses are not in the number of those killed. The main objective is to keep the conflict alive, escalate it, destroy traditional enemy measures against us, and inflict losses on the enemy's political, material, economic, and military structure."

And in recent years terrorists have indeed achieved important victories through campaigns of "selective targeting." The withdrawal of the U.S. Marines from Lebanon resulted from attacks by terrorists. According to Abbas, "selective terrorism" will also target the government's counter-terrorism effort, including its intelligence services. As the image of "selectivity" becomes increasingly confused with "moderation," public demands for governments to come to terms with the terrorists grow. Political solutions are increasingly urged as both feasible and attractive. But under the circumstances, the mere agreement to open political talks would imply government acceptance of its mortal enemies' definition of terrorism. This will legitimize, if not in fact encourage, radical forces to continue their "selective" violence in order to exert pressure on the discussions. The world is much more inclined to view extremist causes with equanimity, provided the violence appears measured. Thus, governments' ability to conduct effective counter-terrorism efforts would be harmed.

Operationally, there should be a decline in the number of innocent victims. But, as the recent downing of Pan Am flight 103 indicates, so long as "selective terrorism" remains but a *part* of the terrorists' overall menu, a dramatic decline in civilian casualties is unlikely.

Under "selective terrorism," the threat to U.S. military bases abroad will increase. U.S embassies and diplomats will more than ever provide "legitimate" targets for "selective" attacks, as will America's extensive foreign economic presence. Above all, the popularity of hostage-taking is likely to grow as a "selective" yet literally richly rewarding technique.

Politically, the United States may find it increasingly difficult to persuade its Western European allies to cooperate in its counter-terrorism effort. As the terrorist threat to the U.S. military presence overseas grows, American bases may become the focus of heated political debates in the host countries —and in the U.S. Congress. □



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In the 48 years since Hitler broke up the Hitler-Stalin pact, the world has mostly forgotten how much those two ideological gangsters had in common. But now, as glasnost *permits open discussion of the Thirties purges for the first time, Stalin takes his rightful place ahead of Hitler on the list of twentieth-century mass murderers.*

THE GREAT MAFIA WEDDING

JOHN P. ROCHE

FIFTY YEARS AGO, on August 23, 1939, the two top ideological gangsters of this century agreed on a satisfactory division of Eastern European loot and triggered the outbreak of World War II. This was not unpredictable: the ousted Soviet *capo*, soon to be executed, Leon Trotsky, had forecast Stalin's move—and in the event approved of it. And for his part, the Nazi godfather had told his (hostile) biographer Herman Rauschnigg that most of Stalin's "soldiers" would make ideal SS types.

Hitler's statement is worth quoting: "There is more that binds us to Bolshevism than separates from it. There is, above all, genuine revolutionary feeling, which is alive everywhere except where there are Jewish Marxists. I have always made allowance for this circumstance, and given orders that former Communists are to be admitted to the party at once. The *petit bourgeois* Social Democrat and the trade-union boss will never make a National Socialist, but the Communist always will." This sentiment was confirmed by Foreign Minister Ribbentrop after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact: at the Moscow festivities, which included the Horst Wessel Song and a toast by Molotov to Germany's beloved Führer, Ribbentrop said he felt as though he were in the company of old Nazi comrades.

At the time, the Pact stunned Western Communists and the numerous fellow-travelers they had picked up during the Popular Front era, when the Soviet Union seemed the only vigorous opponent of Nazi Germany. I was not particularly surprised: I had spent a good deal of my political adolescence at the "Levitas Salon" on 15th Street in New York—the office of the *New Leader*, the Social Democratic journal presided over by Sol Levitas (the one-time Menshevik mayor of Vladivostok), which was the home away from home of a number of democratic Russian émigrés. (Indeed, it was from them that I first got the insight that Marxism-Leninism was a Mafia operation rather than an effort to liberate the wretched of the earth.) In the spring of 1939 these remarkable, often volcanic characters were predicting a deal between the two *capi*. (In Europe, Boris Nicolaevsky and Boris Souvarine made the same call.) They knew the nature of the enemy—had they been alive this summer, none of them would have dreamed for a minute that Deng Xiaoping, a *capo* of the old school, would immolate "the family" on the altar of democracy.

For years, Stalinist apologists tried to justify the Pact, their main argument being that with it Stalin bought time. However, revelations over the past few years by Soviet historians, including suppressed portions of Marshal Zhukov's memoirs, provide us with an entirely different version, one that reinforces the conviction of the old Russian democrats of my youth that Hitler was the only man Stalin ever trusted.

TO RECAPITULATE briefly, between March 10 and 16, 1939, Hitler, in total violation of the Munich agreement, dismembered the rump Czechoslovak state. The British and French governments, with the irrational fury of honest men who realized they had been not only duped but defecated upon, responded by issuing military guarantees to Poland and Rumania. When they emerged from this id spasm they looked at the map and decided Soviet support was crucial.

Simultaneously, Stalin, seeing the opportunity to make a killing while the Nazis mixed it up with the British and French (Zhukov said Stalin vastly overestimated Western military power), announced to the 18th Congress of the CPSU that he was not going to pull any British and French chestnuts "out of the fire," and on May 3 he replaced his Foreign Commissar, Maksim "Collective Security" Litvinov, with Vyacheslav Molotov—an *apparatchik* without opinions, even when Stalin threw his wife into the Gulag. Meanwhile, a member of Stalin's secretariat, Kandelaki, who had been a "sleeper" in Berlin since 1937 as head of a Soviet trade mission, went into motion.

Kandelaki was not the only person in motion: in the summer of 1939 an Anglo-French military delegation arrived in Moscow to explore terms for an alliance with the Soviets against Germany, which was by then pre-positioning stockpiles for an invasion of Poland. Stalin's old accomplice Marshal Klementi Voroshilov—a key figure in purging the top military in 1937-8—was put in charge of the negotiations and (as we know from a September 15, 1984, article, "Guarantees of Freedom," in *Sovyetskaya Rossia*) asked for a free hand in Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Rumania. The British and French were appalled by

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RENDEZVOUS

these openers and kept trying to find options. Voroshilov stonewalled while Stalin and Hitler took over the action.

Four years after this article with its Aesopian hint, military historian V. M. Kalish gave the readers of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (August 24, 1988) the inside story. Asked why the British and French hadn't jumped at Molotov's offer of a possible military alliance, Kalish was a bit evasive: the French and British "did not want to bind themselves with specific obligations." Then he added: "On August 20, 1939, when the Soviet-Franco-English negotiations were already under way in Moscow, Hitler sent Stalin a telegram saying that in relations between Germany and Poland a crisis could break out any day in which the Soviet Union would also become involved if it did not immediately agree to conclude a non-aggression pact with Germany."

Kalish has obviously seen the files, as he then quotes precisely the punchline of Hitler's telegram: "*Once again* [my italics], then, I suggest that you receive my minister of foreign affairs on Tuesday, August 22, [who] will be endowed with all extraordinary powers to draft and sign a non-aggression pact." Stalin agreed, Ribbentrop came, but apparently no one had filled Voroshilov in on the state of play—he was still diddling the beribboned Western envoys. Let Kalish give us the end-game: "the non-aggression treaty was signed. Khmelnitsky, Voroshilov's aide, has told about Stalin summoning him and ordering him to convey [the news] to Voroshilov. . . . And R. P. Khmelnitsky delivered a note to Voroshilov: 'Klim! Koba [Stalin's old nick-name] says to turn off the hurdy-gurdy.' " Could Don Corleone have put it more succinctly?

In the process of negotiations Stalin had upped the ante from Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Rumania: he now wanted eastern Poland and Lithuania. There was some contention over this, but appropriate secret protocols were signed. Molotov told the Supreme Soviet: "It took only a brief strike against Poland first from the German Army and then the Red Army to obliterate that deformed offspring of the Versailles treaty." The Nazis, he said in the same speech, were now in the camp of the peace-lovers; Britain and France "are opposed to the conclusion of peace."

If this had been part of coherent strategy, one might understand Trotsky's support; above all he believed in the "Defense of Soviet Power." (Indeed, he hoped one day to exercise its totalitarian delights.) But as Zhukov made clear, Stalin had no strategy:

> Early in 1941, when we learned about the major concentration of German forces in Poland, Stalin wrote a letter to Hitler, telling him that we knew about this, that we were surprised and we had the impression Hitler intended to make war on us. In his personal message to Stalin . . . the Führer wrote that . . . his troops were in Poland for a different reason . . . western and central Germany was subjected to heavy bombing by the British who could see it well from the air. Therefore, he had to transfer big contingents of troops to the east in order to be able secretly to rearm and regroup them. . . . I think Stalin believed Hitler.

This, I submit, is the kind of reading matter that provides a far better perspective into the mindset of "Marxist-Leninists" than the *Manifesto*, *Capital*, or *State and Revolution*. And most important, in terms of the current euphoria about Gorbachev, it gives you a feel for the gangster universe in which all the current leaders in Russia and China had to "make their bones." To paraphrase Orwell, the born-again must be considered guilty until proved innocent. Remember "*nice* little Deng"? □

THE UNQUIET GHOSTS OF STALIN'S VICTIMS

EUGENE H. METHVIN

After the Soviet government erected a pink marble memorial slab in his village in May 1988, 74-year-old Petro Kukovenko resolved to tell the truth he had kept secret for nearly half a century. The government's memorial, in the suburban village of Bykovnya, near Kiev, extolled the "eternal memory" of "6,329 Soviet soldiers, partisans, members of the underground, and peaceful citizens killed by the Fascist occupying forces from 1941 to 1943" and buried in mass graves nearby.

Kukovenko knew the inscription was a lie. And he was emboldened by Mikhail Gorbachev's recent speech proclaiming: "There should be no blank pages in history. It is immoral to pass over in silence large periods in the life of the people." Kukovenko resolved to fill in a terrible blank page.

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To be sure, the government had appeared to make many attempts of its own to fill that page: since World War II it had sent three different commissions to investigate the mass graves in the Darnitsa Forest at Bykovnya and all reached the same conclusion: the victims were murdered by Nazi forces after the 1941 invasion.

Elderly villagers protested. In 1937, they said, Stalin's secret police erected a high green fence in the piney woods, and each night convoys of tarpaulin-covered trucks drove in, some dripping a bloody trail. Teenagers who dared peek over the fence saw a mass burial ground. The burials continued right up until the Nazi invasion. Four days after the Germans arrived, Kukovenko and several other young men were drafted and compelled to dig into the burial pits. They unearthed stacks upon stacks of newly decaying bodies. The Germans took photographs, and then ordered the pits closed up again.

After Kukovenko began to talk, both Soviet and Western journalists flocked to interview him and other villagers. "They say the green fence is a myth. And I suppose I myself am a myth," he scoffed. His wife Yelena wept as she told how her own father was taken away by the Stalinist police in 1937 and never seen again. A retired economist interviewed witnesses, paced off the gravesite, and calculated that the number buried was more than twenty times the official figure—between 140,000 and 240,000 bodies.

On March 24, 1989, the official Soviet news agency TASS reported that a new government commission, after interviewing Kukovenko and other villagers, had reached a new conclusion. Its chairman, Viktor Kulik, said investigators had found family names engraved on some objects in the grave and matched them to official archives. Said TASS: "The victims were 'people's enemies' charged in the 1930s with counterrevolutionary and nationalist activity and conspiracy."

THUS, in a thousand rivulets growing into a mighty torrent of truth, the Soviet people are learning the numbing facts of their own recent history. And we in the West may at long last solve the twentieth century's greatest murder mystery: How many people did Stalin and his terrorist henchmen kill?

Slowly the reality dawns that the Stalin regime was a murder machine whose killings exceeded even those of the Nazis and their death camps. Furthermore, unlike Hitler the Stalinists conducted their exterminations against their own countrymen, in peacetime. "In both Stalinism and fascism," a Minsk woman named A. Varava wrote to a local newspaper, "we see an insatiable thirst for power, a yearning to remake the world according to a particular design, and the same contempt for human beings." Incredibly, the newspaper published the letter—an earthquake change in the Soviet Union.

All over the USSR today witnesses are stepping forward to testify for the unquiet ghosts of Stalin's Great Terror:

—In August 1988 the Soviets showed on national television a documentary film equating Stalin with Hitler—a heresy that would have landed any dissident in prison before Gorbachev's day. "I was blown out of my chair," said one Western diplomat. "The film didn't play any word games about 'the cult of personality' or talk about a few thousand people killed. They were comparing Stalin—and not favorably—to the worst of the age."

—*Moscow News* published an interview with Grigory Nyazov, a Stalinist executioner from Omsk, describing how a truck would take victims to a hilltop a few miles from town. "We'd shout, 'Come on out! Line up!' " he said. "They get out, and in front of them there's a pit dug for them. We'd immediately open fire. We'd go back to camp, put our automatics back in the guard room and drink as much as we wanted—for free."

—Several Soviet magazines have publicized the discoveries of archaeologist-historians Zyanon Paznyak and Yevgeny Shmyagalov in the Kuropaty Wood near Minsk. With the help of some local schoolboys, they excavated a single mass grave containing an estimated 102,000 bodies. There are four other similar mass graves in the vicinity, containing an estimated 250,000 to 300,000 victims. Villagers who live nearby say the slaughter went on almost every day and night for nearly five years, from 1937 to 1941. "The whole village was terrified," one witness, a man named Mikalaevich, told the investigators. "For five years we couldn't sleep at night because of all the shooting." Another witness, Mikolai Karpovich, told how the secret police lined people up in a row before the pit, each one gagged and blindfolded. Then an executioner came up from the flank and fired point blank at the head of the end person, bringing down two people with one shot. "They were saving bullets," Karpovich explained.

SHORTLY AFTER Gorbachev made his "no blank pages" speech, a band of scholars, lawyers, and history buffs took to Moscow's streets with a petition drive for a memorial to Stalinist victims. The official response was confused. Some of the petition gatherers were hauled off in police vans. Some were summoned to local Communist Party headquarters and patronizingly advised to "go to the libraries and read instead." Moscow theater managers allowed them to gather signatures during intermissions.

The Moscow movement—called Memorial—caught fire. Andrei Sakharov—now officially rehabilitated—joined. So did such "establishment" figures as playwright Mikhail Shatrov, jurist Arkady Vaksberg, the head of the filmmakers' union, Elem Klimov, and the director of the Historical Archives Institute, Yuri Afanasyev. The maverick former Moscow chief of the Communist Party, Boris Yeltsin, joined. Memorial also won the support of three of Moscow's most daring publications: *Ogonyok*, the *Literary Gazette*, and *Moscow News*. Soon, affiliated petition groups sprang up from Leningrad to Gorky—ultimately in 110 cities, with thousands of members.

In July 1988, when the Communist Party held its extraordinary conference to consider Gorbachev's reform program, Memorial delivered a stack of petitions several feet high—43,000 signatures in all. Wrote attorney Mikhail Kovalenko, one of the originators of the proposal: "For the victims of the political repressions and their relatives, the memorial would be a fitting rehabilitation, a tribute of the kind they have lacked and lack until this day. . . . The memorial is our solemn oath never to come to repeat these political repressions, to create a guarantee for the free development of the individual and, in line with that,

(Continues on page 52)

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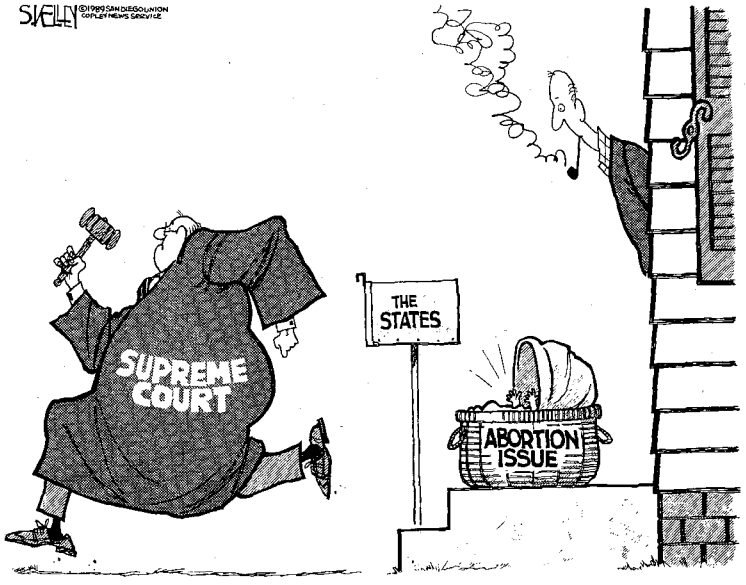
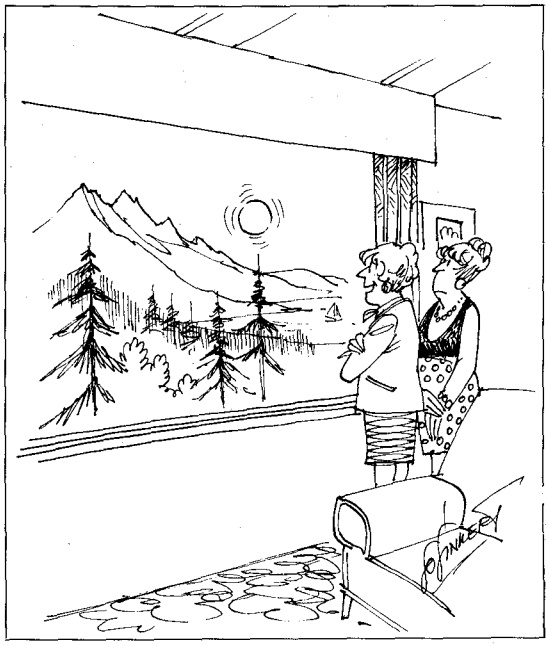
help !!!!

Spectacles Sports

Who loses eyeglasses?
Tiresome topic . . .
Only the (sigh) lasses
Far too myopic
To see 'em anywhere
Under a nose.
Who makes a spectacle
Hunting 'em? Those.

MAUREEN CANNON





"Who did your view? It's just lovely."

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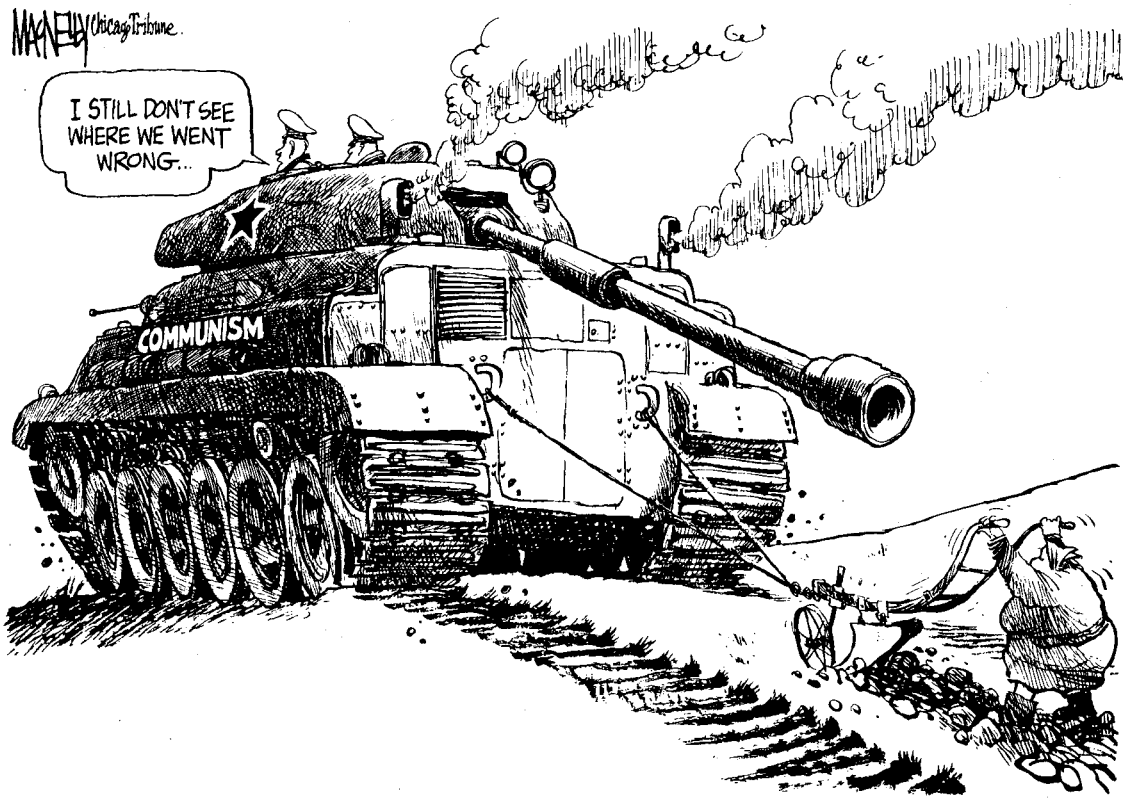

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, SIR! ONE YEAR AGO THIS MONTH YOU WERE UP 17 POINTS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN!
STATE BUDGET
BLUB
M. DUKAKIS GOVERNOR
RED INK
H. PAYNE © 1989 SCRIPPS HOWARD UNITED FEATURE SYND.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MASSACHUSETTS...

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Love and hope and peace and mud—
that was Woodstock, apotheosis of the counterculture.
The Dionysian energies released there were supposed to transform the nation,
and, alas, some of them did.

A NATION OF LONERS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

In early 1969 a quartet of young promoters decided to stage a weekend rock festival in Woodstock, New York, two hours from the Big Apple. At first they figured on 25,000 fans. But as they lined up 27 acts for the August date, the projection grew. They were prepared—in food, sanitation, and medical facilities—for 150,000 people.

That turned out to be about a third of the total. Tickets were selling for $6 a head, but every hippie in the Northeast had heard about the big party, and by Friday, August 15, the roads to Woodstock were clogged with old Volkswagens crammed with scraggly-haired kids intent on three days of sex, drugs, and rock.

The promoters had rented a field from a dairy farmer named Max Yasgur, and hoped to keep freeloaders out with makeshift fences. No use. The entire hippie economy was based on freeloading, and the minimal security arrangements couldn't cope with a half-million unexpected guests.

The townspeople had been nervous about the invasion. In fact, the festival wasn't allowed in Woodstock itself—it had had to be relocated to Bethel, fifty miles away. In those days upstate people were still afraid of hippies, especially in groups of 500,000 or so.

By Friday night the excitement was tremendous. None of the *really* big stars of rock—the Beatles, the Stones, Dylan—were there, but the roster was still impressive: Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Creedence Clearwater Revival, The Who, Johnny Winter, The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Blood, Sweat, and Tears, Joan Baez, Arlo Guthrie, and such newcomers as Joe Cocker and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. Later, having been at Woodstock would become a mark of status, for performers and fans alike. This was to be a legendary weekend.

Hippie events tended to be—well, unstructured. To give you some idea of *how* unstructured Woodstock was, Abbie Hoffman was partially responsible for security. Additional security was provided by a former standup comic named Wavy Gravy (né Hugh Romney), who ran a commune out west called the Hog Farm. A slight hitch developed when the Hog Farmers threatened to leave in protest against the killing of mosquitoes. The promoters had had the field sprayed with insecticide. For some hippies, insecticide was right next door to genocide.

Woodstock finally got under way, though not without a few more hitches. For one thing, it rained. Hard. Since shelter consisted almost exclusively of sleeping bags, this caught the crowd off guard. But they were having too much fun—ecstasy, really—to mind very much.

The rain didn't help the music, either. Acoustic conditions were already less than Van Cliburn might have wished: loudspeakers blaring into a pasture, rendering even Jimi Hendrix inaudible to much of the throng.

The festival was attended by federal narcotics agents, who did make a hundred arrests for sale and possession of hard drugs, but made the strategic decision, lacking a half-million jail cells, to let pot-smoking ride. Marijuana enjoyed de facto legalization for the nonce. As for sex, there was plenty of it. In the general camaraderie, total strangers shared soggy sleeping bags. By day, some of them simply shared exposed patches of ground. Toplessness and nude bathing (in nearby ponds) were frequent.

It was all very Dionysian, a mass rejection of the false values of Ozzie and Harriet. From the bandstand, Country Joe McDonald led a joyous chant: "Give me an F! Give me a U!" until the crowd had spelled the *whole word*, bellowing it out in unison, not caring a whit if Nixon and Agnew and J. Edgar Hoover heard it all.

Leftist politics was taken for granted, but only as a sort of backdrop. When Abbie Hoffman tried to hog the microphone to deliver a political message while The Who was performing, Pete Townshend belted him from behind, decking him. Abbie scrambled off the bandstand and didn't come back.

Apart from that incident, all was peace and nonviolence. A gentle hippie oversoul seemed to suffuse the festival. As Wavy Gravy put it, years later, "The universe took over and did a little dance. . . . And you could just feel these little tendrils of invisible energies kind of like—I felt at times like a marionette almost." Strangers had become brothers and sisters, smiling beatifically at each other with chemically induced inner peace.

But by Saturday afternoon, there were more hitches. The field was sheer mud. Food had just about run out. So had toilet paper. The Port-O-Sans smelled so foul that people were using the earth itself, and it was getting . . . noticeable. One youth was run over in his sleeping bag by a tractor hauling away Port-O-San deposits; he died.

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At one point there was a serious scare. Several helicopters were approaching ominously. Was Nixon launching an aerial assault? No. It turned out that the U.S. Army and National Guard were flying food and medical supplies to Woodstock Nation. On Sunday morning more food—eggs, doughnuts, cereal, milk, sandwiches—arrived, courtesy of local residents. Woodstock Nation had quickly become reliant on the adult world it had tried to do without for the weekend. About the only thing there was no shortage of was drugs.

Max Yasgur's farm, green on Friday, was a brown expanse of mud, garbage, and hippie dung when everyone left Monday morning. The odor lingered strongly for nearly a year. Even after that, for two more years, you could still smell it every time the weather was hot—the afterbirth of a nation.

Woodstock is a legend now. If you weren't there, you are given to understand, you really missed something—an unrepeatable instant of hope and joy and brotherhood, and an epiphany of a better world that might be. "It confirmed my sense that class, race, and gender divisions could be transcended," one participant is quoted as saying in *Life*'s twentieth-anniversary commemoration of the magic weekend. Many others speak in the same tones. There has been talk of recreating the moment, but the idea has been tied up in legal wrangles over promotional rights.

Pundits can't seem to resist talking about Woodstock in grandiose terms. Shortly after the event, *Time* spoke of it as auguring a new value system that could change (for the better, of course) the American national character. Today, it is generally lauded as a milestone of the counterculture.

Which it was, in a way. *Life*'s delirious quotations from celebrants are more than balanced by others who speak of the drug abuse, their own subsequent problems with drugs, the friends who later died from overdoses. Several of the rockers who performed at Woodstock have also died, most of them from drug excesses. Abbie Hoffman, who resurfaced after ten years on the lam for a cocaine rap, killed himself in April, using sleeping pills.

Another glory of Woodstock, free love, has also come a cropper in the years since. Like drugs, it has been a source of personal and social devastation over time. The cult of the ecstatic moment looks much less promising than it did in 1969. The destruction has been worst in the chief target of liberal solicitude, the black inner cities. Dionysus has worn out his welcome.

Jennifer Lawson

Even so, nostalgic books and articles on Woodstock flood us. Most of them suggest that the weekend utopia in the mud stands as a model for emulation.

But despite the grand terms in which Woodstock is praised (and sometimes denounced), one of the laudatory books, Jack Curry's *Woodstock: The Summer of Our Lives* (just published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $19.95), inadvertently touches on what may be the real meaning of the event: "This had been a convention of 500,000 people who had always thought they were freaks, alone."

Janis Joplin said something like that to the crowd from the Woodstock bandstand: "We used to think of ourselves as little clumps of weirdos. But now we're a whole new minority group." A year later she was dead, of a drug overdose. (She was also alcoholic.)

Life quotes another Woodstockian: "I flung myself into the counterculture without looking back. It seemed like the outcasts had found acceptance. I had friends for the first time."

WOODSTOCK ENABLED such people, multiplied by a few hundred thousand, to think they were the wave of the future, their leaning on each other an event of world-historical importance. But to read Curry's book is to find, between the lines of congratulation, a series of sad case histories of kids who had always felt like losers, until the big party. And afterward. There is the pathos of self-delusion in the way they profess to have drawn sustaining—almost salvific—inspiration from an inordinately publicized rock concert.

Woodstock's mythic status as a peak spiritual, cultural, or political moment is belied by the way these poor kids couldn't event manage a mildly rebellious weekend without succor from grownups. In a way, one could wish it had at least been a case of flaming youth burning off animal energies. It was so much less than that. Even its devil-may-care image is too flattering.

Doesn't anyone remember the Sixties? The hippies weren't rebels. They were positively hungry for authority. They settled for the only form they could get, which was peer pressure. Their "rebellion" was all fashion and imitation, mass-market bohemianism. The long hair, love beads, and tie-dyed jeans were the nearest approximation to a uniform they could achieve. They all talked alike, in a studied slang that adults, on casual contact, found refreshing and exotic. It got dull very quickly. The stereotypes were true because hippies mimicked each other. They were usually lonely and unloved kids who felt they had to be each other's role models. They were wrongly suspected of wanting to destroy society when they were only destroying themselves. As at Woodstock.

Loners have a way of finding each other. What Woodstock proves is that when their numbers reach critical mass, they become a market, and you can herd them together and tell them things they desperately want to hear from somebody: that they're winners, that they constitute a nation, that they hold the hope of the world, and that all their unresolved personal problems are really only one big political problem that can be solved instantaneously. Some of them will go on believing it for twenty years. □

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Political cartoonists shape our public imagery, and perhaps even our political thought. (Where would Jimmy Carter be today, were it not for Jeff MacNelly?) Their greatest strength is an appreciation of the grotesque; their greatest danger, seeing the good in a public figure.

POISON PENS

RICHARD BROOKHISER

MY FAVORITE political cartoonist died 174 years ago, mad, and possibly a suicide.

James Gillray's legacy consists of over five hundred satirical prints. They were etched and engraved on copper plates, printed and colored by hand, and sold individually from a London shop. They deal with the events of the *fin du dix-huitième siècle*, roughly the period covered by Winston Churchill's *Age of Revolution*—though the tone is somewhat different.

Gillray's best-known print today is probably "The Plumb-Pudding in Danger." Napoleon and the younger Pitt, both in absurdly large hats carve up a steaming, spherical pudding, which is also the world. But if this is Gillray's most famous work, it is also in a way, unrepresentative. The vigor of the lines, the fundamental meanness of the caricature—those goggling, greedy faces—and the simplicity of the concept are all typical of Gillray. The simplicity of detail is not.

For Gillray liked to let himself go. When he went all the way, it was pretty far. The basic scene of "The Apotheosis of Hoche," a cartoon celebrating the death of the French revolutionary general responsible for the Vendée massacres, is plain enough—the hero, muscular and handsome, ascends to heaven. But he is surrounded by a swarm of cherubs in revolutionary caps, corpses, skulls, ass-heads, goat-heads, and, as his immediate attendants, dozens of winged decapitated heads, singing his praises (the bodies of the former owners wave palm fronds). Instead of a harp, he strums a guillotine, and the Decalogue that hovers above him, inscribed on bright tablets, has all the "nots" left out. It is, as Gillray's present-day American admirer Draper Hill commented, "probably the most elaborate political cartoon ever published."

Often the excess takes the form of words. Gillray's butts are apt to break out in rambling, nonsense monologues, usually degraded Shakespeare. Tom Paine as Poor Tom, Napoleon as a franglais Richard III, the Whig politician Charles James Fox as Hamlet. "Zounds! what the devil is it that puts me into such a hell of a Funk? [Fox, in Gillray's garish fantasy, is about to execute George III.]—damn it, it is but giving one good blow, and all is settled! —ah, it's the fear of that which makes me stink so!"—and on, and on.

For many years, Gillray received a pension from the Tory government; his paymaster was George Canning. But there was always doubt, then and since, about his real convictions, if any. Nineteenth-century English liberals liked to think he was a brother under the skin, who sold himself into irksome bondage. Gillray talked of himself as a hit-man for hire. I have read a German scholar who interprets him as a proto-Marxist.

My own hunch is that he was a rare but identifiable type, the Tory nihilist—the conservative who takes his stand, not because he honors the past or hopes for heaven, but because he hates humankind. "The Tree of Liberty, with the Devil Tempting John Bull," makes this plain. Fox appears again, as the serpent, holding out the rotten apple of Reform from his perch on the tree of Opposition (other apples have names like Treason, Murder, and Whig Club). In the background stands a sturdier tree, with its roots

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Two Perspectives

ON THE FALL of France in 1940, Low did this drawing of a British Tommy standing on a rocky shore, shaking his fist at an advancing wave of Nazi bombers. Everyone who saw this cartoon on the day it was published already knew perfectly well that Britain now stood alone against a fearful enemy. Yet Low's representation of Britain's peril says infinitely more than a mere statement of the fact. There is something about the way the lightly armed soldier is shown standing his ground against the bombers, emerging like sinister little crosses from the black sky, which sets the mind racing through a hundred tales of undaunted heroes facing dreadful odds. David slew Goliath; Horatius held the bridge; Nelson ignored the signal ordering him back into line; bullies *must* be stood up to sooner or later; the resonance of the cartoon rolls on and on to this day. —NG

VERY WELL, ALONE

ONE FAMOUS Low, "Very Well, Alone," is all wrong. Low shows a Tommy after Dunkirk, shaking a defiant fist at the incoming Luftwaffe. Maybe you had to be there. From here, Low's cartoon looks like fascism. Paint Stars of David on the wings and reshape the helmet, and you have a fine submission for *Der Sturmer*, c. 1944. We're grateful that Low's feelings of determination were widely shared and expressed. They just don't fit his medium. He should have taken the day off. —RB

labeled Commons, King, Lords, and its trunk labeled Justice. John Bull in the foreground resists Fox's blandishments. All very Burkean. But alas, Gillray's symbol of his country is fat and slab-faced, an obvious dullard, talking a yokel dialect. "Very nice Napple indeed!—but my Pokes are all full of Pippins from off t'other Tree." On the rare occasion when the inhabitants of Gillray's world choose virtue, it is because they are morons.

There is no doubt about his artistic inclinations. One English cartoonist called him the last exponent of the baroque. I would say, rather, the greatest exponent of the grotesque. No one is better at simultaneously inflating and defflating; at conjoining the sublime and the contemptible.

Gillray's saturnine view of the world, if I read it correctly, is related to his artistic gift. All political cartoonists are partisans; there is a side they cheer, and a side they boo. But there are limits, set by cynicism. A great critic, writes John Simon of Randall Jarrell, "sees the good in what he dislikes and the faults in what he reveres." A great political cartoonist must see only the latter.

I see a hand in the house. It belongs to a serious soul. "This is all very highfalutin, but isn't the chief purpose of a political cartoonist to be understood at a glance?" We must get pleasure out of a cartoon, as well as a point. Who outside of kindergarten has ever failed to understand a cartoon of Herblock's, and who has ever enjoyed one?

Gillray reminds us, finally, of the importance of words, which also sustain the only other English cartoonist in Gillray's league, Max Beerbohm. Most of Beerbohm's drawings have nothing to do with politics, but those that do are fine. Nothing could be less like Gillray than Beerbohm's gentle, almost shy line. His words are every bit as cutting. When the young G. K. Chesterton, confronting his older, famous self, asks what he means by "the immaculate conception of France," one phrase swipes two dogmas. Even a cartoon as visual as "Mr. Sidney Webb Celebrating His Birthday"—the socialist crawls on the floor, gleefully arranging tin soldiers—depends, in large part, on the contrast between Webb's position and Beerbohm's "Mr."

It is harder to admire the two most famous English political cartoonists of the mid twentieth century. In fact, it is impossible. Vicky (Victor Weisz), a refugee from Hitler, drew for English papers from the mid Thirties until his suicide (occupational hazard?) in 1966. The great frustration of Vicky's career occurred when a nickname he had bestowed on Harold Macmillan—Supermac—as an ironic jibe was used instead in Macmillan's praise. The story gets told as a goof on the part of Vicky's obtuse public. To me, it is the just deserts of the incompetent. The mistake is all the more puzzling in view of Vicky's unrelieved straightforwardness. He is as plain, pictorially and intellectually, as a party platform.

Vicky's older contemporary David Low was a better artist, but his approach to things is, if anything, even more ten-thumbed. His most famous cartoon, of Hitler and Stalin bowing to each other after their joint conquest of Poland [see page 24], satisfies my criteria for the grotesque, though it strikes me as a lucky hit. The body between them, labeled Poland, almost sinks the piece. It is too solid for this line of work. The dictators' dance-class postures and pleasantries lift the piece back up again. This is not a cartoon about murder, but about hypocrisy and pomposity. The trouble with murder, in the cartoonist's world, is that it leads to bad taste.

IF THE SUCCESS of a political cartoonist is measured by the popularity of his imagery, then the most successful cartoonist in American history is unquestionably Thomas Nast, the German-born Republican workhorse of the late nineteenth century. Tammany Hall is gone with the wind, and so is the Tammany Tiger that Nast invented for

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Cartoonist's-Eye View

POLITICAL CARTOONS are not so much rapier thrusts (which they are often called) as they are missiles, which, although quite small, carry at least three explosive warheads. First, caricature—the humorously or maliciously distorted representation of politicians; second, the actual political comment, criticism, or stance communicated in the drawing; and third, the vehicle or image chosen to convey the political point. When brought together, the effect—at its best—is formidable. The apparent joke can contain a reverberating, subversive power.

How does a caricature become established? When a new political figure takes his or her place on the stage, the cartoonists first of all carefully produce fairly academically accurate likenesses of the newcomer. Gradually, certain features become established as standing for the individual. Mrs. Thatcher's bouffant hair and pointy nose, for instance, or Mr. Heath's wide smile. The fact that when you meet them you notice that Mr. Heath's mouth is rather small and pursed, or that Mrs. Thatcher's hair is no longer all fluffed out, is neither here nor there. They have been reinvented by the cartoonist and are perfectly recognizable in their transmogrified form.

In its directness and simplicity, caricature does not allow for fine degrees of criticism. It has an awful bluntness. Writers can elaborate clear distinctions between various aspects of a man's life: so-and-so is an absolute swine to his colleagues but a devoted father and husband. Caricaturists cannot go in for such fine degrees of criticism even if they wish to. They pursue a different kind of truth.

Annibale Caracci, the Italian who in the sixteenth century first practiced this subversive form of portraiture, observed: "A good caricature, like every other work of art, is more true to life than reality itself."

The truth that caricature reaches for has, I think, to do with the transitory nature of all political power and the vulnerability of even the most mighty. Caricatures can therefore even be oddly comforting as well as very funny. A monster such as Hitler or Stalin is suddenly less terrifying; fear, anxiety, and a sense of paralyzing hatred cannot easily co-exist with laughter. I imagine this is why *Pravda* does not feature daily caricatures of the members of the Russian governing class.

Caricature thus lies at the heart of political cartooning. But there is more to it than that. The characters form part of the dramatization of the idea itself, the point the cartoon is making. The comment or attitudes underpinning the cartoon is the simplest part of the whole. The cartoonist notices that the government is heading for a showdown with the unions, or that the current East-West talks are going frightfully well. This is a necessary part of the creation of any political cartoon; but it is not sufficient. The invention or discovery of a scene or tableau that will convey the political point of a cartoon is the most difficult part of the process.

I write as though "the idea" were somehow separate from the vehicle or image that carries it, whereas of course

Mr. Garland is a political cartoonist for the Independent.

it. But his elephants and donkeys reappear whenever citizens exercise the franchise.

What a disappointment, then, to turn to Nast's actual cartoons and find them so stiff and lifeless. "Who Stole the People's Money? Do Tell—'Twas Him" shows the problem. There they all are, Nast's rogues' gallery of corrupt Democratic politicians (the one with the monster paunch is Boss Tweed, whom Nast's constant lampooning helped bring down). They're all pointing at each other. We see, we understand. We're just not—interested.

Fame is no guarantee of quality. The two worst political cartoonists in America today are among the most famous. The worst, Herblock (Herbert Block) might better be described as formerly famous. Even those who once admired him—and it must be said that he drew better thirty years ago than he does now—have to admit that he is simply going through the motions. And yet he continues to appear on the *Washington Post* editorial page, consuming space that might be filled by perfectly good letters-to-the-editor. He gave up attempting to amuse so long ago that he has probably forgotten what amusement is like. Actually, I was amazed to see a recent Herblock that was kind of funny—Dan Quayle drawn as Little Orphan Annie. I didn't laugh, exactly; I sort of grunted. But it was the only time in the last 12 years Herblock has made me do anything. I can expect another grunt in the next millennium.

The second worst political cartoonist, Garry Trudeau, *is* very currently famous. Trudeau, of course, draws comics, not cartoons. His medium is the four-panel strip, and his rhythm is the fourth-panel diminuendo, perfected by Charles Schulz's *Peanuts*, which Trudeau handles very deftly. But he also wants to be taken seriously as a spectator of the political scene.

The first thing we notice is that Trudeau doesn't draw very well. He never did, but the first incarnation of *Doonesbury*, which ran in the *Yale Daily News* as *Bull Tales*, had an engaging roughness. Since going syndicated, Trudeau has labored to clean up his act, until now he draws like an untalented person who has learned everything an untalented person can learn. The creator of *Snuffy Smith* once admitted that he showed Snuffy as often as possible with his hands in his pockets. Why? So that he wouldn't have to draw hands. Same with Trudeau. That's why his characters never move, and their expressions never change; why voices so often issue from outside the panel, or from within a distant White House (don't have to draw the speakers); why, in addition to the point it makes, George Bush is portrayed as a bodiless dot.

Trudeau's great downfall is his stable of regular characters—Mike, Zonker, and the rest. Their clean, empty faces radiate baffled goodness. They are so cute and pert. Give me a break.

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they are inseparable. Let me try to illustrate what I mean. Cartoonists may cast their leaders in the role of almost anything, from a guttering candle to a nuclear blast. The point is that the choice of candle as opposed to nuclear blast *is* the idea, an integral part of it: it says "weak and providing little illumination" as opposed to "powerful and deadly."

"Getting an idea," therefore, is finding the right vehicle for an opinion, one which simultaneously expresses and illuminates it. On good days an "idea" pops up complete with cast, props, and setting. On a difficult day, the political thought has to be struggled with in order to find the right image to convey it, which involves a search for analogies. Thus a politician ignoring the unhappy consequences of some act claps a telescope to a blind eye. A minister dithering between several options will appear as Hamlet gazing at an appropriately labeled skull. Overweening ambition in one of our leaders may have him flying too close to the sun, and plunging from the sky like Icarus.

Gradually, in the hunt for ideas, one learns to engage in a process of highly deliberate wool-gathering. When the Labour Party was walloped by Mrs. Thatcher in 1983, I thought it would never recover. Thoughts of death merged in my mind with the personality of the elderly leader of the party. The fact that Michael Foot carried a heavy responsibility for his party's plight was made more poignant by his obviously profound love for it. An old man and a dying thing. An old man and his ailing child. A dead daughter. King Lear speaking:

I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass.
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Lear, and perhaps the audience, are unwilling for a moment to believe that Cordelia is quite dead. Was the Labour Party dead? Is this a real tragedy? Will not all the actors survive and stand before us taking their bow? The scene contains all these possibilities and expressed my own attitude pretty well; that is, "The Labour Party has probably had it—but I hope not."

Put together, all this means that the best, the most striking cartoons can be read at a glance. It probably requires that the idea contained in a political cartoon must not only be easily understood but even be already widely established *before* the cartoonist uses it. It could reasonably be argued that political cartoons are merely telling people what they already know in a highly simplified form. But the paradox is that cartoons express very simple ideas or attitudes through a medium that allows them to be extremely complex. —NICHOLAS GARLAND

If you had to pick the two best American political cartoonists now working, and weighted the choice for performance over time, one of them would have to be Australian-born Pat Oliphant. He has been with us 25 years, but he hasn't flagged. I don't like the little bird who appears in his corners, commenting on the main action. He is dangerously close to uprightness. I often wish one of the larger figures would step on him. But I forgive Oliphant his bird because his main scenes are drawn with such maniacal gusto. His most recent triumph was the discovery that George Bush carries a handbag. Note to Trudeau: if you hate the guy, this is how to draw his blood.

The other would be Jeff MacNelly. (An institutional confession: MacNelly offered to draw for *NR* when he was a lad, and we said no. Win some, lose some.) The man who boosted MacNelly to stardom was James Earl Carter. During the Carter years, the *New York Times* began running roundups of the week's best political cartoons in "The Week in Review." I turned to it each Sunday in suspense, to see how they would manage yet again to omit MacNelly. Had they been selecting honestly, there would have been weeks during the Carter Administration when they ran four MacNellys. His basic trick was simple—to turn the White House into a rural Southern general store. What made it sing were the precisely observed details: the dozing dogs, the rusty gas pumps, the pickups with gun racks.

When Carter departed, MacNelly lost a beat. All conservatives, in their various ways, did. He began a comic strip, *Shoe*, and for a time devoted himself wholly to it. But, after a hiatus, he began swinging again. And though he doesn't home-run quite as often as he once did, he has lifted some pitches memorably out of the park.

In MacNelly's emotional farewell to Ronald Reagan, a wordless picture, Reagan stands in his dressing room, on elevator shoes, in a corset, taking off his makeup. A fan, a little boy in a cowboy suit he clearly wears in emulation, has come for an autograph. Their eyes meet, and an illusion shatters. Maybe a liberal, who had no illusions in the first place, can't appreciate this one. For a conservative, it packs a primal punch.

Oliphant is middle-aged, and MacNelly is no longer young. I've ignored the freshest generation of political cartoonists. What interests me is long-term effect, not daily deadlines. This, of course, is the opposite of the priorities they must follow. So I apologize to them all—doubly, considering how often they amuse me. But perhaps those cartoonists who consider their long-term effect in the light of the grotesque will find meeting their daily deadlines pleasanter. Just remember: The reason men are funny is that they are stupid and hateful. The only creatures who are worse are public men. That's why they're funnier. Go to it. □

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Anthony Lewis—New York Times *columnist, frequent talk-show guest, two-time Pulitzer Prize winner—is one of our most prominent shapers of liberal opinion. He can be surprising—particularly in cases where the press and the law collide—but one thing is sure: Tony Lewis is never unsure.*

ANTHONY AGONISTES

HENRY CATTO

"WHAT CAN WE DO when a powerful element in the press gets it wrong? We can say so—those of us in the business especially, because diversity is the right answer to concentrated power."

So wrote *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis in a 1985 piece about a *60 Minutes* report he didn't like. The quote seemed particularly apt when I came across it, because for six months I had been scrutinizing everything Lewis wrote from 1976 through 1988—more than 1,200 columns and articles in all.

The idea behind this undertaking had been simple. Frank Lloyd Wright once said, "A doctor can bury his mistakes—an architect can only advise his clients to plant vines." But what about that small, elite group of pundits who hold forth in learned fashion about great issues? Some, syndicated in hundreds of newspapers, have a reach rivaled only by television. No one, however, keeps score for these columnists, so how can we know if the authority figure whose thoughts are spread before us in digestible seven-hundred-word bites spins the gospel or spews nonsense?

Why Anthony Lewis? His pulpit for the past two decades has been the Op-Ed page of America's premier newspaper. He is a two-time Pulitzer Prize winner with shelvesful of other awards and fellowships, and a reputation nearly without equal. Finally, to quote Henry Kissinger, "He's always wrong."

Lewis, born in 1927, went straight from Harvard, where he was managing editor of the *Crimson*, to the *New York Times*, where he remained until 1952, when he left for the *Washington Daily News*. It was there he won his first Pulitzer, for a series on a Navy employee who was discharged as a security risk (as a result of Lewis's work, the man was reinstated). He returned to the *Times*'s Washington bureau in 1955, but then took time off in 1956-57, to study law as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. That led to his assignment as the *Times*'s Supreme Court reporter, and another Pulitzer in 1963. In 1964 Lewis published an in-depth study of the Supreme Court, *Gideon's Trumpet*, to critical acclaim. Ambitions to be chief of the *Times*'s Washington bureau foundered when that post went to Max Frankel; Lewis's consolation, an appointment as head of the London bureau, lasted from 1965 to 1972, when Lewis set up shop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which remains his venue.

Given such a wide-ranging background, Lewis's choice of subjects is surprisingly narrow. As the accompanying chart (p. 34) makes clear, in the 1,221 columns he wrote during the 13 years under consideration, 221 dealt with the Federal Government (61 on secrecy and leaks alone), 201 with the Middle East (of which 177 concentrated on Israel and the Palestinians), and 147 with southern Africa. Western Europe (56), the Soviet Union (47), and Central America (43) limped along behind, with Asia, Latin America, and Eastern Europe barely mentioned.

Behind the statistics lies a political philosophy in stasis. Asked if he had mellowed with time, Lewis replied, "I suppose I've become more aware of the imperfectibility of human beings . . . but I don't think I've changed my basic outlook as to the issues that have always moved me: law, human rights, . . . southern Africa, the Middle East."

Overall, Lewis's view of international matters is simple: blame the U.S. for almost *any* given situation. At one point, Lewis called the U.S. "the most dangerous and destructive power on earth." He blamed a Soviet crackdown on emigration (Nov. 18, 1982) not on internal Soviet dynamics but on the United States. The invasion of Afghanistan was in part our fault, he wrote (Jan. 14 and Jan. 24, 1980) because we failed to ratify the SALT II treaty (the Soviets had no reason to show restraint). And in June 1982, he laid the Israeli invasion of Lebanon at our door in two columns (June 10 and June 15).

As a U.S. ally, however, Israel is also open to blame. Almost a third of Lewis's international columns dealt with the Palestine problem; in 1988 alone there were 28, all remarkably similar to the other 149 pieces he has done on the issue since 1976. It is as if each time he goes to the Levant—which he does nearly every year—he rounds up a group of Palestinians whose olive trees have been bulldozed, then calls up the same column he used the last time, changing only the names of the afflicted. But Lewis evinces an almost willful refusal to see warts on the Palestinians. In a 1987 column he referred to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, as follows: "The PFLP calls itself

Mr. Catto is a former contributing editor to Washington Journalism Review, *a former ambassador to El Salvador, and former Assistant Secretary of Defense. He was assisted in the research on this piece by Shelby Sadler.*

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Anthony Lewis's Writings

	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	Total
DOMESTIC														
Government	32	25	11	12	6	16	4	20	17	20	18	27	13	221
Secrecy/National Security	16	10	6	4	4	1	1	7	3	4	1	3	1	61
Politics	33	9	8	11	23	0	3	2	15	0	4	3	21	132
Presidential Campaign	28	0	0	10	20	0	3	2	12	0	0	3	21	99
Law	6	13	11	7	7	5	10	7	10	5	7	19	7	114
Foreign Policy	1	3	0	4	3	3	5	3	5	5	15	6	2	55
Arms Control/Defense	1	1	0	2	1	7	5	5	0	4	6	2	0	34
Social Issues	0	5	2	1	0	5	0	0	2	3	1	1	2	22
Economy	3	0	2	0	0	6	3	0	0	4	1	2	0	21
History	1	1	2	1	1	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	1	11
Journalism	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	4	0	1	1	10
Urban/Local Affairs	2	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	8
Business	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	6
Medicine/Science	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3
Total	79	60	37	42	42	44	33	41	51	46	53	61	48	637
MISCELLANY (Arts, Personal)	2	2	0	0	0	1	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	13
INTERNATIONAL														
Mideast	1	7	28	24	14	16	38	12	20	7	1	5	28	201
Israel/Palestinians	1	7	25	15	12	14	36	12	17	4	1	5	28	177
Southern Africa	9	13	5	23	9	15	4	14	6	20	15	8	6	147
Western Europe	8	8	3	3	0	7	5	5	3	2	7	4	1	56
England	6	5	3	3	0	6	5	5	3	1	4	4	0	45
Soviet Union	1	2	1	0	6	3	7	6	4	4	4	6	3	47
Central America/Caribbean	0	0	1	1	0	2	2	13	6	7	7	2	2	43
Asia	5	3	2	9	1	1	2	0	1	9	1	0	1	35
Vietnam/Cambodia	5	3	1	9	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	22
Latin America	1	0	0	0	0	7	3	1	3	0	0	1	0	16
Human Rights	1	6	1	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	14
Eastern Europe	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	0	1	0	2	0	2	11
Canada	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Total	26	39	41	61	30	55	64	53	44	49	37	26	46	571

Marxist. But as everyone knows, it is a radical Palestinian nationalist group . . ."

Lewis had trouble making up his mind about the Reagan record on the Middle East. In June 1982, the Administration's policy was seen as "inept." By September, the policy was marked by "wisdom . . . shrewdness," perhaps because of a newly developed focus on Palestinian autonomy. Indeed, Lewis, who is Jewish, is often accused by his readers of being a self-hater or even an anti-Semite. His response: "It is not possible for Israel to survive as the kind of state it was meant to be, and the kind of state that can last, if it tries to maintain physical control over the very large number of people of another culture who do not want to be part of that state. That is doomed to fail."

Another obsession and frequent destination is southern Africa, on which Lewis's views have hardened with time. In 1977 he commented, "The South African situation is so explosive—and so different from our own—that Americans should be very careful to avoid giving the impression that we know the answers." Yet by 1985, he was applauding divestiture and lamenting Reagan's resistance to sanctions. "Reagan," he wrote in 1986, "is on the side of [South African President] P. W. Botha and the National Party rulers of South Africa." He added: "Ronald Reagan knows nothing of realities on the ground in South Africa. He sees South Africa as he sees all the world, through the glass of ideology."

Did not this criticism apply much more strongly to Lewis himself? In 1985 Lewis pointed out how banks, states, companies, and universities had divested themselves of stocks tied to South Africa in order to pressure Pretoria to reform, and sniffed, "All this has happened with no encouragement from the Reagan Administration." That such divestiture simply provided buying opportunities for Europeans, Japanese, and white South Africans—all likely to be less attuned to racial justice than American companies —went largely unremarked. He knew nothing of the realities on the ground. He saw divestiture entirely through the glass of ideology.

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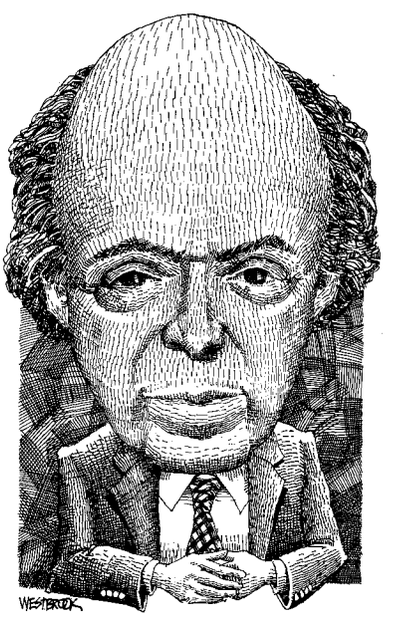
In general, Lewis derided Reagan's "New Globalism," the policy of actively opposing Third World Marxism. Aiding Angola's UNITA rebels put the U.S. on South Africa's side, Lewis complained, thereby earning a sharp barb from fellow columnist Charles Krauthammer: "It is still absurd to judge the morality of wars solely by the virtues of one's allies. By that standard, we should have withdrawn from World War II."

Wrong as he may have been about the Mideast and southern Africa, Lewis does know the territory. The same cannot be said for him concerning Central America, which aroused in him another great passion. Convinced that Reagan's policies there would inevitably lead to another Vietnam, Lewis gave voice to an atavistic left-wing shrillness: "Here is a policy based on fantasies, a policy carried out by murderers, a policy leading this country into a Central American quagmire." On the subject of Nicaragua, sarcasm dripped from his pen at Reagan's "obsession" with the idea of "that tiny, poor country [being a threat to] our national security." It didn't seem to bother Lewis that the Soviets had turned Nicaragua into an armed camp by shipping it millions of dollars' worth of weapons. Or that Cuba—also "tiny, poor"—was subsidized as a mercenary power that threatened U.S. interests and people's freedom not just in Latin America but in faraway Africa.



Sam Westbrook

Lewis didn't think any better of U.S. support for the government of El Salvador: "The Salvadoran army and auxiliary forces are far less interested in fighting the guerrillas than in killing civilians" (March 1983). So he called for a "negotiated solution" and power-sharing before the 1984 elections, in which Lewis predicted that the unsavory conservative Roberto d'Aubuisson "will then either win or stage a coup against the Christian Democratic candidate, José Napoleón Duarte, if Mr. Duarte wins. By any rational calculation of American interests the situation is a nightmare. And it is a direct result of Ronald Reagan's policies." The "nightmare," of course, resulted in a sweeping Duarte victory with a huge voter turnout, no subsequent coup, a fledgling democracy, and recently a peaceful transfer of power to the opposition by means of elections in accordance with a democratic constitution.*

Part of Lewis's shortsightedness on Central America may come from the fact that he has never been there. Lewis admitted, "It's a part of the world about which I am regrettably, you know, inexperienced," although he has written 43 columns on it. But Lewis may have felt a trip to Nicaragua would be superfluous. After all, he'd been to the *real* Vietnam. In the late Sixties, he developed a loathing for the war and all associated with it that continues to the present. For six years after the U.S. pullout, from 1976 through 1982 (skipping 1980), Lewis wrote a December column commemorating the anniversary of the 1972 U.S. bombing of Hanoi, always under the headline "Ghosts." The 1977 version, for instance, proclaimed, "Five years ago today the United States began the most destructive single episode of international violence in the recent history of the world: the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam." As he wrote this, Pol Pot was in the midst of slaughtering approximately two million Cambodians.

On the other side of the globe, Lewis's British years —1965 through 1972—imbued him with a warm appreciation for the permanence and value of things English. But his readily confessed love of the English has an odd result: on jumping the pond, Lewis becomes almost a Tory. He forgives in Margaret Thatcher what he roundly condemns in Ronald Reagan: she "seems utterly determined to stick to a policy—to turn her face away from compassionate claims, however compelling, in an effort to break the pattern of decline" (July 22, 1982). Mrs. Thatcher's smashing of corrupt and entrenched trade unions was correct (Jan. 15, 1984). And while she and Reagan may be similarly conservative, the similarity ends there: she's smart.

Asked about this apparent double standard, Lewis replied, "Maybe. I think it may have been my . . . sense, having lived in England, that compassion had gone too far, and that the economy was not producing the means with which to pay for compassion. I'm for compassion, but there's no such thing as a free lunch." But Lewis's Anglophilia was most in evidence when he abandoned his usual peacenik rhetoric and became enshrouded in hope and glory in the 1982 Falklands war, where a British "military response would be painful, inconclusive —and inescapable" (the "inconclusive" proved, short-term at least, wrong).

Lewis sees the world outside the sceptered isle peopled with villains; he has a capacity for vengeance the Mafia would envy. He persisted in his loathing for Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger years after they left office. In 1977 he compared Nixon to a defrocked British rector who profited from his disgrace by joining a traveling carnival that exhibited him in a barrel: "Richard Nixon is our Rector of Stiffkey: shameless, grasping, freakish. . . . Our fascination actually lies in knowing that there is no limit, and never has been, to what the man will do."

As for Kissinger, Lewis saw him as an only slightly less repulsive Mephistopheles: "Secrecy and deceit were levers of his power; he had no patience for the democratic virtues of openness and consultation. . . . Henry A. Kissinger is our P. T. Barnum . . . of the grave" (Jan. 13, 1977). And in 1984 (Jan. 12) he wrote, "Mr. Kissinger thinks it is sissy idealism to care about torture and murder when geopolitical conflicts are being waged." (I recall Kissinger, in the mid-Seventies, saying, "Lewis doesn't hesitate to ask my help to get his Jewish relatives out of the Soviet Union, and then he attacks me the next day in his column.") Lewis explains his loathing for Kissinger thus: "I disagree with his views on a number of things. I have compli-

*Mr. Lewis ought, in theory, to favor this rare example of fidelity to democratic forms in a Third World country. But his sole comment on El Salvador recently has been to complain that President Bush has not yet appointed an assistant secretary for inter-American affairs.

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mented him on other things when I thought he was right, and I make a point of doing so."

Ronald Reagan got it with equal vigor: "Two years into the Reagan Presidency, Americans are beginning to suspect the awful truth: They have a government incompetent to govern, a President frozen in ideological fantasyland, an Administration spotted with fools and rogues. . . . That is where we are, halfway through Mr. Reagan's term: nostalgic for the Nixon Administration" (Jan. 6, 1983). And in 1988 (March 3), he averred: "President Reagan's relationship to reality has always been tenuous." Compare this to Lewis's reading of Zimbabwe's Marxist leader, Robert Mugabe: "a man of reassuring moderation . . . quiet, calm, amiable." Where does Mugabe's subsequent conversion of his country into an increasingly repressive one-party state fit into this bland appraisal?

Asked about his *ad hominem* tendencies, Lewis replied: "I don't think it's any less polite than, say, Evans and Novak, or Pat Buchanan, or other people. I certainly don't make a point of it, but I think when people put themselves on the line for a position, Harry Truman's rule applies: If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."

LEWIS'S PASSION extends beyond individuals to issues—manifesting itself nowhere more vividly than in his lust for arms control. This is the area in which his judgment has been most faulty, showing a consistent bias in favor of appeasement. In 1982 (Nov. 8), as the U.S. tried to counterbalance the huge and unprovoked Soviet buildup in intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Central Europe by emplacing our own Pershing II and cruise missiles, Lewis lauded the nuclear-freeze movement and wrote: "The immediate need is to stop the deployment of new weapons." In 1984 (Oct. 18), he proclaimed that Reagan "is ideologically opposed to arms control" and that his advisors, particularly Richard Perle (with whom Lewis never talked), "do not believe in arms agreements of any kind with the Soviet Union. They want an arms race." Only when, *mirabile dictu*, Reagan's strategy resulted in a treaty (and one in which the Soviets gave up vastly more than the West) did Lewis grudgingly relent: "Ronald Reagan deserves great credit for seizing the opportunity." Blinded by his own ideology, convinced that Reagan represented only "unbridled militarism," Lewis had utterly failed to understand the rationale for the Reagan buildup. He imputed bad faith and evil motives to the officials responsible for it, then was astonished when the Soviets reacted as Reagan had always said they would.

Lewis's harsh treatment of the Reagan Administration reflects a larger theme: the executive branch of the government is inherently evil. "Secrecy is the modern battleground of the eternal struggle for power and the American system of divided government," Lewis wrote in 1987 (Dec. 24), summing up one of his greatest obsessions. Devoting 61 columns entirely to the topic of secrecy, he touched on it in countless others. National security is seldom at stake, only the desire to avoid "official embarrassment" (Sept. 16, 1976). "Leaking . . . strengthens, not weakens America" (Nov. 28, 1985). And covert operations are "undertaken in secret for the very reason that, if they were submitted to the public scrutiny our system requires, Congress and the public would reject them" (Jan. 8, 1976).

Yet, in another context, Lewis himself wrote (Sept. 6, 1979) that "appellate courts cannot work if their inner processes are subject to the glare of publicity." But then Lewis adores the judiciary; no topic intrigues him more than the law, and in his love lies his strength. Gay Talese quoted Felix Frankfurter on Lewis's Supreme Court coverage: "There are not two members of the Court itself who could get the gist of each decision so accurately in so few words." When the Court pleases him, Lewis rewards it lavishly. In 1984 (Sept. 9), however, Lewis viewed the then-closing Court term with alarm: "The common thread running through decisions on diverse subjects this term was a reverence for authority . . . ignoring the traditional rules of judicial self-control." He quoted Justice Stevens: "The Court has acquired a voracious appetite for judicial activism."

Asked if he regretted his 11 columns in 1987 attacking the nomination of Robert Bork to the Court, Lewis soberly replied: "No. I think the human side of it was very, very painful. And I didn't undertake frank criticism of the appointment with any relish. . . . I had met Judge Bork, he had done me a kindness—a very great kindness . . . and I wrote not out of any personal feeling, I assure you. And so there's that regret, but I think that what the Senate did was correct."

When the press, his living, and the law, his love, collide, Lewis comes out swinging—at the press. In 1979 (July 5), he wrote: "The press, too, should forswear absolutes. The reitereated claims of recent years that its freedom has no limits had done the press no good." Slamming *Time* for gloating over its "victory" in the Ariel Sharon case, Lewis reminded the magazine that the Constitution protects some error in criticizing public officials, "But the press has a reciprocal obligation, I think, to admit when it has been mistaken." And in 1986 (April 7), Lewis warned that the press should not violate even unconstitutional court orders.

Lewis's own peers in the press regard him in various ways. One, a liberal who asked to remain anonymous, said, "He's a little arbitrary and whimsical." George F. Will called Lewis "very intelligent. He was," Will stated, "educated in the law—and it shows. He's alarmingly consistent. In foreign policy, he really is a very pure expression of an American tradition, a belief that there are no differences that aren't splittable, and a grave reluctance to have America act on its values. He felt the Khmer Rouge was sort of ethnocentric. He's a man of great civility."

Mary McGrory, a fellow liberal, said, "He's special among columnists. His appeal must be there or the *New York Times* wouldn't print him. He brings a sense of morality and judgment, a temperate voice and measured, and surely a very literate one."

Lewis is rather less impressive as a stylist, often bland and utterly devoid of the life-balancing trait of humor; Henry Kissinger maintains that "Nobody reads him because he is so dull." But his prose can sting—and scar. He described (Feb. 28, 1980) Senator Howard Baker as "the man who knows how Washington works and has the scalp of the Snail Darter on his belt to prove it." John Poindexter has a "runcible memory," Al Haig shows a "workaholic Heepishness" (June 26, 1983), and "To see Richard Nixon mewling and oozing on television is to be reminded

(Continues on page 52)

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Corporate debt and takeovers have grown explosively—in part because the tax code encourages them. If Congress wanted to do the right thing, it would start taxing debt and equity payments equally.

DEBT AND TAXES

ARTHUR GRAY JR. & ARTHUR B. LAFFER

In 1980, the year before Ronald Reagan took office, the maximum tax rates were 46 per cent on corporate income and 70 per cent on personal income. There was also, as there is now, a very odd dichotomy in the way that taxation treated interest and dividends. To illustrate its consequences in those days, imagine a corporation, its shareholders, and its bondholders all to be in the highest income-tax bracket. If the corporation earned one additional dollar of income and the full impact of that dollar was directed toward dividends, then the corporation was required to pay 46 cents additional corporate tax. This left the corporation 54 cents to distribute to its shareholders in the form of dividends. The tax liability of the shareholders rose by 37.8 cents (70 per cent of 54 cents), leaving them with a net gain of 16.2 cents. Therefore, the after-tax incentive for shareholders was 16.2 cents.

Suppose, however, that the corporation earned one additional dollar and used it to pay bondholders additional interest. There would then have been no additional corporate tax liability. For interest payments were fully deductible against corporate income in 1980, as they are today. The net effect on corporate taxable income was nought. Bondholders thus received one full dollar of pre-tax income, whereas shareholders received only 54 cents. Assuming that these bondholders are in the highest tax bracket, their additional personal-income-tax liability would be 70 cents—leaving them with 30 cents versus 16.2 cents for shareholders (Table 1, Rows 5 and 6).

In 1980, therefore, there was a 14-cent incentive to convert a dollar of corporate income devoted to dividend income to a dollar of corporate income devoted to interest income. That was an enormous tax advantage in biasing the corporate capital structure toward debt and away from equity.

Of course, given the ridiculous height of tax rates in 1980, the corporation had numerous alternatives besides the payment of dividends or interest. Tax shelters, corporate featherbedding, and other non-productive tax diversions proliferated. Investments in tax shelters flourished and taxable corporate investments did not fare very well.

Table 1

THE EFFECT OF PERSONAL AND CORPORATE INCOME TAX RATES ON AFTER-TAX DIVIDENDS AND CORPORATE INTEREST INCOME

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988
Maximum corporate-income-tax rate	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	40.0	34.0	34.0
Maximum personal-income-tax rate	70.0	69.125	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	38.5	28.0
Total tax on dividends	83.8	83.33	73.0	73.0	73.0	73.0	73.0	63.1	52.5
Total tax on interest	70.0	69.125	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	38.5	28.0
Net receipt dividends	16.2	16.6725	27.0	27.0	27.0	27.0	27.0	36.9	47.5
Net receipt interest	30.0	30.875	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	61.5	72.0
Net advantage, cents per dollar of corporate income	13.8	14.2	23.0	23.0	23.0	23.0	23.0	24.6	24.6

Source: Joseph Pechman, *Federal Tax Policy*, Fifth Edition, Brookings Institution.

SINCE THEN, we have had the major Reagan tax reductions. As Table 1 shows (Row 5) the change in rates increased the after-tax returns on dividend income to 47.5 per cent in 1988 from 16.2 per cent in 1980. The reduction in the top personal-income-tax rate to 28 per cent in 1988 from 70 per cent in 1980 increased the after-tax return on interest income to 72 cents from 30 cents on the dollar (Row 6). Thus, while lowering the overall level of taxation, the Reagan

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reduction in tax rates inadvertently widened the gap between taxes on debt and taxes on equity. The result was a 31.3-cent increase per dollar of pre-tax corporate profits for corporate equity, and a 42-cent increase for corporate debt (Row 6). The incentive to shift from equity to debt financing owing to differential tax treatment thus increased from 14 cents on the dollar in 1980 to 24 cents on the dollar in 1988 (Row 7). It should come as no surprise that the markets saw this and reacted to the change in incentives.

The result of the shift toward debt financing has been a virtual explosion of debt. Many view this enormous increase in debt versus equity as highly undesirable because of the increased exposure to volatility. What follows is a tax-oriented proposal that would rebalance incentives without altering federal revenues.

TAX ARBITRAGE is feasible when corporations are carrying assets at historical cost. With undervalued assets in a positive inflation environment, it can be seen that in some cases the actual sum of the parts of the company is greater than the whole (i.e., the current market value). The corporate raider recognizes this disparity and raises the money necessary to take over the company.

This larger amount paid for the company values the corporation's capital more realistically. The takeover agent then sells off components of the company at their value and realizes a capital gain. A substantial one-time capital-gains tax (at a lower rate than the corporate tax rate) is levied, and the company is now free to use all of its cash flow to service the debt. The previous earnings stream that was once tapped for dividends is freed to pay interest. To the corporation, the increased interest payments are tax-free, the previously paid dividends were not. So the effective tax rate on the company has been substantially reduced. The shareholder who now has sold his stock at an increased price also walks away smiling. (An implication of this analysis is that the proposed reduction in the top capital-gains tax rate to 15 per cent, while increasing incentives to invest in new ventures, will also reduce the cost of takeovers.)

But the differential tax treatment that has allowed this tax arbitrage to occur can very efficiently be rectified. Congressional worries about present levels of debt are likely to lead to measures making debt capital less attractive. We prefer instead to make equity more attractive by conferring on dividends the tax-deductible status now afforded corporate interest payments. This option, no matter how correct it may be, faces seemingly insurmountable political opposition from those who are phobic about static tax revenue losses. We believe that if dividend deductibility, implemented as a stand-alone, did lead to a revenue shortfall, that shortfall would be far less than the static thinkers imagine. In addition to overestimating the revenue shortfall, indulgence in static thinking constrains its adherents from seeing the further blooming of the Reagan Revolution—with prosperity attaining heights that have not been seen in generations and the additional fulfillment of dreams across all levels of American society. Nonetheless, making dividends tax-deductible alone is unlikely to be accepted by Congress.

On the other hand any attempt by Congress to restrict allowances for corporate interest deductibility will also—rightly—be met with resistance. Is there, then, any way in which the circle can be squared? There is. A measure is available that would place equity and debt financing on an equal footing. A tax structure would achieve these principles by expanding the corporate tax base to include corporate interest payments (Table 2, Row 4) along with corporate profits (Table 2, Row 2). The logic behind any taxation of corporate interest is not well-founded. The only reason we recommend such a practice is because the proposal inextricably ties the lowering of taxation on corporate income to the rise in taxation of corporate interest payments—an even greater good offsetting the evil.

If static revenue-neutrality is to be maintained, the now larger base of corporate profits plus interest payments (Table 2, Row 5) must generate the same amount of revenue as the corporate income tax (Table 2, Row 1). Given this larger tax base, what average tax rate would be required to raise the same amount of revenue as under the previous corporate income tax? Estimates range from a low of 8.92 per cent in 1982 to a high of 14.64 per cent in 1980 (Table 2, Row 6).

A corporate tax structure similar to today's but with a maximum rate of 15 per cent and an expanded tax base that includes corporate interest payments would achieve the economically meaningless but politically essential goal of revenue neutrality, while rebalancing the incentives with respect to financial choice. As a result, choice of financing—debt versus equity—would no longer determine investment decisions. Corporate America would focus on the merits of a project rather than its relative tax consequences. □

Table 2

ESTIMATES OF THE REVENUE-NEUTRAL TAX RATE ON CORPORATE INTEREST PAYMENT AND PROFITS

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987
Profit tax liability	84.8	81.1	60.7	77.2	95.4	96.4	106.6	133.8
Corporate profits	177.2	188.0	150.0	213.7	266.9	282.3	298.9	310.4
Maximum corporate tax rate	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	46.0	40.0	34.0
Total corporate interest paid	344.6	477.0	515.0	476.1	535.8	568.6	NA	NA
Total corporate interest + income	579.2	698.1	680.5	683.7	775.7	792.8	NA	NA
Implied average tax rate	14.64	11.62	8.92	11.29	12.30	12.16	NA	NA

Source: Joseph Pechman, *Federal Tax Policy*, Fifth Edition, Brookings Institution; Internal Revenue Service, *Statistics of Income*; Department of Commerce, *Survey of Current Business*.

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EDMUND WILSON AND THE GREAT TRADITION

Chilton Williamson Jr.

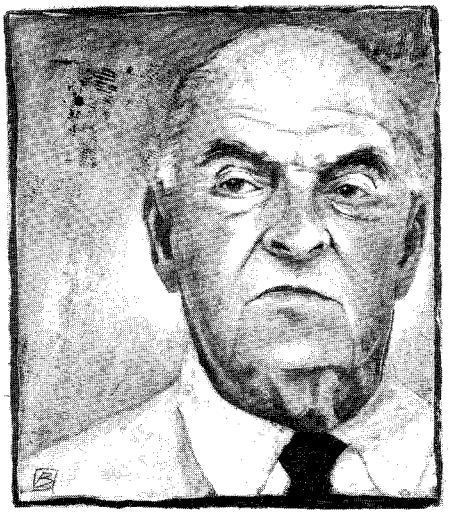
Edmund Wilson: A Critic for Our Time, by Janet Groth (Ohio University Press, 276 pp., $29.95)

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES have never had much use for—or, for that matter, much interest in—the late American critic Edmund Wilson, who died in 1972 at the age of 77. The most obvious, and no doubt the most important, reason for their indifference is the fact of Wilson's having been a socialist for part of his life, an agnostic for the whole of it, and a cranky anti-imperialist in his later years. In his self-appointed role as "cross-fertilizer," operating between the European and American cultures, he was nearly as influential in making the ideas of Marx, Engels, and Freud palatable to the American general reader as he was in making the poetry of the Symbolists and the novels of Proust and Joyce comprehensible to the American reading public.

On the other hand, Wilson in his role of revolutionary and social democrat was a highly ambivalent figure. Of patrician descent and education; unable all of his life, as he wrote of himself upon leaving college, really to "get on" with anyone, let alone the proletarian class (its female division excepted); a mandarin figure who, however much he allowed his relatively youthful infatuation with Marxism to cloud his political intuition, never permitted it to warp his critical judgment or, perhaps even more importantly, his aesthetic sensibility; and an out-and-out-historicist, for whom historical events and products remained, throughout his life, the touchstone of his work and understanding, he was a typical figure neither of his own generation of Left intellectuals nor of succeeding ones. Two years before his death, he wrote, in the Prologue to *Upstate*:

> My reaction to all the things that I disapprove and dislike is that of a member of a once-privileged class which is being eliminated all over the world and has very little means any longer of asserting its superior "values." In this, the situation in the United States is not now very different from that in other parts of the world—including the Soviet Union. . . . Our groups of well-to-do landowners and merchants and able professional men who made the American Revolution have now largely been reduced to the Nixons and Agnews of the present administration, who are hardly superior to the mediocrities that preside over the Soviet Union. It was thought by Veblen and others that the technocrats would take over as a ruling class, and to some extent this has taken place. I cannot foresee the future, but can only go on with my old occupations.

If the voice behind those words strikes you as a surprisingly fresh one, I refer you to the reviews you have probably been reading of George Kennan's new book, *Sketches of a Life*, and in particular to the embedded quotations from that work. For Kennan, as for Wilson, "the situation in the United States is not now very much different from that in many other parts of the world . . . "; a Swedish ferry is loaded with tourists who are described as being "occupants, all of them, of the intellectual and spiritual vacuum which the European welfare state produces"; the present age, whether experienced within or without the U.S., is a nightmare "with all its noise, its overpopulation, and its mad wastage of energy," the "materialism, greed, and decadence of modern society," and the "ragged, dirty, and repulsive look" of young people everywhere. Describing his reaction to the New Leftists of the Sixties and early Seventies, Wilson confessed (also in *Upstate*), "I do not see how Marxism can help them much in dealing with our present problems. They talk about opposing 'capitalism,' but do not seem to understand what this means. They are up against an almost all-controlling government identified with the industrial and commercial interests. This in a sense is socialistic like that of the Soviet Union [*sic*], but like it [*sic*] a tyranny of bureaucrats." For many years John Lukacs—one of the truly important historians of our time—has been encouraging American conservatives to recognize in Kennan's voice the accents of a pedigreed alternative to



Tim Bower

Mr. Williamson's new novel, The Homestead, *is due out early next year from Grove Weidenfeld. This is his last issue as editor of Books, Arts & Manners.*

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what today is accepted as conservatism in America: namely, what Ronald Steel (in his review of *Sketches* in *The New York Review of Books*, August 17) calls "the anarchic individualism and predatory market capitalism of the American Right." So far, however, the only constituency within American conservatism whose views appear to be consonant with that alternative are the intellectual descendants of the Southern Agrarian movement, who have managed to update the merchandise without giving away the family store. (Allen Tate, who in the 1920s told Wilson to his face that his involvement with Marxism and Freudianism was puerile and beneath his intellectual dignity, thought that Wilson's *Patriotic Gore*, a study of the literature of the Civil War era published early in the 1960s, was an excellent book.)

Finally, however, Edmund Wilson's politics are irrelevant to the body of work he produced—a corpus whose importance Janet Groth, in her interesting and useful book, invites us to reconsider. *Edmund Wilson: A Critic for Our Time* is a halting, at times even a plodding, book to which too much of the rhetorical scaffolding of the explicator/builder adheres, yet which ultimately succeeds in making a case for the importance of Edmund Wilson, not just to his own times, nor even to ours, but to the future of American letters in a post-literate age in which, as Robert Alter reminds us in his recently published book, *The Pleasures of Reading*, literary critics, as well as college graduates and Michael Jackson fans, have forsworn the printed page.

Throughout his career Wilson was assailed by charges that he was a journalist not a scholar, a writer rather than an academic, and therefore not really a critic at all. In his lifetime, his work was attacked by the New Critics as naïve, amateurish, and hopelessly unfashionable inasmuch as it refused to confine itself to textual criticism; while at the time of his death, or shortly thereafter, post-modernist criticism had become the recognized Moloch of post-literary idolators. Although even his admirers have long been aware of Wilson's relative weakness regarding consideration of artistic form (as opposed to literary content), Miss Groth argues that his insistence upon connecting literature with the individual life, that life with the society that sustains and encompasses it, and society with history and the historical process is indeed what makes his work of enduring significance. "The prevailing tendency," she writes, "has been to trace the humanist critical tradition as coming to America from [Matthew] Arnold by way of the New Humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. However, I intend to demonstrate that the more vital link is to be found in Edmund Wilson himself."

In the dedication to *Axel's Castle*, a study of the Symbolist writers from 1870 to 1930, published in 1931, Wilson stated his idea of what literary criticism "ought to be—a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them." As for the critic himself, Wilson believed—according at least to Miss Groth's gloss of his retelling of the Philoctetes story in "The Wound and the Bow"—that his was a double function: "one, to treat the artist with 'sympathetic imagination' . . . while holding him always to his highest abilities; and, two, to become his champion and mediator with the rest of society." Thus, Janet Groth claims, Wilson is to be regarded as an exponent of "classical humanism," whose "historical-comparative" and "biographical-narrative" methods he developed from his study of Arnold and Taine and from the example of Sainte-Beuve as a literary critic. Wilson, Miss Groth tells us, "found a way . . . using every resource of the developing disciplines, and especially those based upon the work of Freud and Marx, to bring freshness to the great work of the past and to make the nineteenth-century critical tradition of which he was a part truly answerable to twentieth-century needs."

While Wilson's Marxism was—so long as he held to it, which was long enough—what we today would call Marxism with a human face, and his Freudianism, though pervasive, was undogmatic, it cannot be denied that Edmund Wilson failed to appreciate the central spiritual truth within the Western tradition of which he was otherwise an intellectual embodiment. In Miss Groth's words: "Both Arnold and Wilson regarded the Christian Church (and organized religion in general, in the West) as having permanently lost its usefulness as a cohesive force in society, and both were dedicated to the proposition that the only alternative was to be found in literature." Indeed, literature, for Wilson, was not a surrogate for religion only but, at last, for dialectical materialism itself: "He expected it to wield the kind of power to effect social change for which most people look, if they look at all, to government." It was this notion of the social efficacy of literature that gave Wilson his positivist aspect as a critic: as early as *Axel's Castle* he had written: "And who can say that, as art and science look more and more deeply into experience and achieve a wider and wider range, and as they come to apply themselves more and more directly and expertly to the needs of human life, they may not arrive at a way of thinking, a technique of dealing with our perceptions, which will make art and science one?" It was exactly this wide vein of old-fashioned optimism that led him, as Miss Groth remarks, into a reactionary impatience with the pessimism of Kafka and what she calls "certain forms of the absurd" in Nabokov.

To sum up: There was a large element of the traditionalist in Edmund Wilson—Wilson the man and Wilson the critic—much of it deriving, moreover, from the same nineteenth-century positivism from which contemporary American conservatism in its dominant form was drawn, to which it continues—albeit in bureaucratized Newspeak—to refer, and of which Steel's "anarchic individualism and predatory market capitalism" are the other side of the coin, as are also the "materialism, greed, and decadence" deplored by Kennan. Paradoxically, the maxim "Art for art's sake" which inspired the *fin-de-siècle* writers and after them the modernist ones—that declaration of contempt for the bourgeoisie, so much resented by them for decades to come—was no part of Wilson's credo: "Is not statesmanship," he asked in an article printed in *The New Republic* in 1932, "as important as literature?"

If conservative intellectuals continue to regard (as I believe that they do) Edmund Wilson as being beyond, tangential to, or simply irrelevant to all that is worth preserving in American letters, history, and culture, it is probably because their main interests have for quite a few generations now lain

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elsewhere—in politics, in government, in economics, and in other such fetishes of the nineteenth-century positivistic mind. □

HISTORY, ENGLISH AND HUMAN

Joseph Sobran

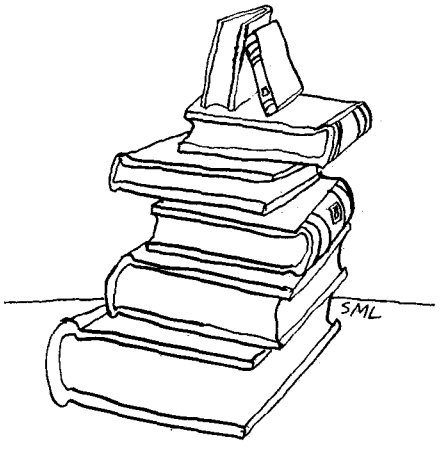
The Collected Essays of J. H. Plumb, Volume One: The Making of an Historian (University of Georgia, 408 pp., $35)

The Collected Essays of J. H. Plumb, Volume Two: The American Experience (University of Georgia, 276 pp., $30)

THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN J. H. Plumb offers two volumes of his collected essays (another volume is due next year). They are pleasant reminders that, in England, readability and academic distinction still go hand in hand.

The Making of an Historian is the more interesting of the two volumes just issued, which is not to disparage *The American Experience*, but to note the greater range, depth, and personal engagement of the first volume. In it Plumb reviews his own career and the shaping of his mind under the great influences of G. M. Trevelyan and Sir Lewis Namier. He assesses these and several other renowned historians, including Toynbee, Spengler, H. G. Wells, Churchill, Macaulay, Sir Arthur Bryant, Fernand Braudel, A. L. Rowse, and Herbert Butterfield.

For Plumb, history is mainly English history. His other category is "human" history, and there seems not to be much in between. His philosophy is rather unfashionably progressive: he sees history as essentially the story of man's increasing conquest of the material world. Much as he respects Namier's contribution to historical method—the exhaustive gathering of documentary detail to make it yield a wholly fresh portrait of a given period—he finds it, in the end, "myopic scholarship" that misses larger truths by failing to connect the targeted period to the general life of the nation. Plumb stands firmly with Trevelyan and Macaulay, the great generalizers who were not afraid to make large moral statements about the past and its personages. He thinks their excellence as stylists and their popularity is intrinsically related to their greatness as historians, and holds that this greatness has hardly been diminished by subsequent professional scholarship that has corrected them in many details of fact. History, he contends, may, like poetry and philosophy, have its imperishable masterpieces, and is not doomed by academic refinements to perpetual supersession.



For this reason Plumb is surprisingly favorable to H. G. Wells, whose immensely popular *Outline of History* he deems essentially sound, despite the contemptuous neglect it has received from academic historians: "Of course, there are mistakes in Wells, errors of fact, misinterpretations, etc., but the broad sweep of his outline is the true story of mankind, and because it is true, his prognostications carry the stamp of truth too." Wells preached not fatuous optimism but "qualified hope": "He knew there would be further tyranny, slaughter, and hatred but he also knew that science and education would persist."

On the other hand, Plumb is withering in his scorn for Toynbee and Spengler, whom he considers a pair of dangerous quacks for their failure to appreciate the reality of material progress. He believes devoutly in what Butterfield called (misleadingly, according to Plumb) "the Whig interpretation of history." He has little use for conservatism; Burke's political philosophy is "utter rubbish, and completely unhistorical. . . . Burke clothed in the eloquent language of religion and ethics the nakedness of private greed and public oppression."

But such dyspeptic moments are rare. As a rule Plumb is fair-minded and ready to appreciate writers he disagrees with, and his appreciation is alert to

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idiosyncratic virtues. He admires the pageantry and narrative power of Churchill and Bryant, though he thinks their "patrician" history lacks the dimension of sympathy for or even interest in the stuff of common men's existences; theirs is history as experienced by the people who wield power.

His criticisms may be just, but Plumb himself, to my mind, is disappointing. He is a sprightly writer, incapable of a dull sentence, but his wide knowledge somehow never seems to take him far from home. History seems to have yielded up no secrets to him, no surprising perspectives, no serious challenges to the rather humdrum liberalism he has apparently held from the start. He is entitled to reply that the truth of human progress is, after all, obvious, and that may be so. But he gives the impression of knowing the moral before he tells the story, of living in a mental universe that is a little too complete and of seeing no mysteries in human experience. His outlook is as complacent as Churchill's, in its way, and less colorful.

Like most progressive historians, Plumb has learned nothing from the past but what he already knew in principle. The only wonder is that the twentieth century was so long in getting here; we—we progressive-minded moderns—are the natural culmination of the whole story, and what can come after us (unless disaster) except more of the same?

But this is only a general limitation that doesn't prevent him from making acute observations on whatever subject he addresses. He is especially discerning as a judge of character, and even when his opinions aren't profound they are consistently fresh. In *The American Experience* he ventures reconsiderations of Washington, George III, Franklin, and Disraeli, as well as a series of essays on the problem of slavery. Plumb lived here for some years and has a strong affection for this country, especially New York: "It is not a cruel city, on the contrary it might be argued that it is too benevolent," he says, though one afternoon, on Brooklyn Bridge, "I had a bayonet put to my throat and I was relieved of $50 by an elegant young black wearing a hat like a cardinal's biretta." He calls the Big Apple "the most remarkable city built by man, and as day turns to night one of the most beautiful cities in the world." I won't argue with the first judgment, and I might agree with the second if all I had to go on were his eloquent description.

Plumb's views on Vietnam and Watergate are what might be expected, but without the irritating attitudinizing of most liberals. He frets that Watergate has caused people to lose faith in government—a faith they should never have had in the first place. Plumb seems not to understand the American Constitution any better than most native liberals; that is, he all but identifies it with a certain interpretation of the Bill of Rights and feels it is seriously menaced by such practices as government wiretapping, though not, apparently, by federal inroads against private property.

Plumb's essays combine the virtues of first-class scholarship and good conversation, highly informed, often opinionated, always agreeable. I closed these two volumes looking forward to Volume Three. □

UNCLE SAM'S CABANA

Aram Bakshian Jr.

Goldwyn, by A. Scott Berg (Knopf, 579 pp., $24.95)

MANY READERS will begin A. Scott Berg's thorough and entertaining new biography, *Goldwyn*, expecting, as this reviewer did, to detest the subject. Samuel Goldwyn, formerly Samuel Goldfish and originally Schmeul Gelbfisz, born in Warsaw's Jewish quarter in 1879, was a ruthless, occasionally paranoid megalomaniac who hated his ancestral roots. He was ashamed of his ghetto relatives (although he kept many of them on allowances), and in later life, when asked to help start a film industry in newly independent Israel, he barked, "My God, there are enough rotten Jews in Hollywood!" Fate was just, however, for Goldwyn's second (and last) wife, Frances, was a beautiful but neurotic Midwestern Catholic whose mother, an unhinged anti-Semite who, among other things, raised turkeys in her living room, nearly outlived her nonagenarian son-in-law, whom she usually dismissed as "that Oriental." In the last irony of a long life, Goldwyn was buried next to her in the family vault.

Tim Bower

Sam Goldwyn lied about many of the principal events and relationships in his life, including the date of his birth, his illegal entry into the United States from Canada, and the actual provenance of ideas and talent discoveries he later claimed as his own. He had a gift for making most of the people around him miserable most of the time; it used to be said that the mere sound of his heavy tread approaching a working set was enough to panic the entire cast. In short, by ordinary standards, Sam Goldwyn was not a very nice man.

But, then, vulgarity aside, he was not very ordinary either. Even the vulgarity was countered by Goldwyn's genuine respect for what he called "class" and his desire to "be somebody," to achieve respect as well as wealth and to produce films of quality as well as profitability. In a production career that spanned half a century and eighty films, Goldwyn helped shape Hollywood at a time when, for better or worse, Hollywood was shaping America. Ben Hecht, one of the more talented writers to work for Goldwyn, was one of many to benefit financially from the American film industry and later turn against it: he once described it as "an eruption of trash that has lamed the American mind and retarded Americans from becoming cultured people," adding that movies are "one of the bad habits that have corrupted our century. They have slipped into the American mind more misinformation in one evening than the Dark Ages could muster in a decade."

Mr. Bakshian writes and broadcasts on history, politics, and the arts.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ CAREER GUIDANCE: Peggy Noonan is not the first presidential speechwriter to have become a celebrity in her own right. She is the first, though, to have become a celebrity while still working as a speechwriter. How she did it will be the subject of her first book, *What I Saw at the Revolution: A Political Life in the Reagan Era* (due out in January from Random House).

According to Miss Noonan, the book will skip in fairly short order through her youth in Massapequa, New York, and early employment as a premium-adjuster at a New Jersey insurance company. Its focus will be on the two years Miss Noonan spent in the Reagan White House and the freelance work she does for President Bush —a tenure that has produced for Mr. Bush such memorable phrases as "warts and all," "read my lips," "a quiet man," and "kinder, gentler." In her Reagan days, Miss Noonan was responsible for speeches marking the explosion of the space shuttle *Challenger* and the fortieth anniversary of D-Day. Parts of the book, Miss Noonan says, will amount to a kind of primer in speechwriting. Given her own unorthodox approach, she has a great deal to teach.

A little background: During the Nixon Administration, speechwriters were taken aside early on, frequently by Nixon himself, and told to keep clear of the press, to avoid any avoidable publicity—the idea being that a speechmaker loses credibility to the degree it becomes known that his words are not his own. No one took you aside in the Reagan White House, but the rules were clear enough. Anthony Dolan, Reagan's chief speechwriter, set the example: If a reporter called to ask if he had written this or that speech, generally he would neither confirm nor deny; if he said anything at all, he would do so only on the condition that the information be submerged for at least a month. Miss Noonan did not observe these formalities. The fact that she had written Reagan's *Challenger* speech, for instance, appeared in the press not a month later, but the next day. As one former Reagan speechwriter puts it, her speechwriting career was "one protracted act of self-promotion."

Such unorthodox methods brought her an unprecedented amount of publicity. Most notoriously, a year and a half after joining the White House staff, she agreed to be interviewed and photographed for a major profile in *Esquire*. Titled "Who Puts the Words in the President's Mouth?" the article hailed her as a White House "policy-maker."

The next logical step for Miss Noonan was the celebrity memoir currently in the works. After that, says her high-powered literary agent, Esther Newberg of ICM, Miss Noonan may opt for a new career as a syndicated columnist or television commentator.

☐ FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE: Three years ago, a senior editor at Harper & Row wrote to Anatoly Dobrynin, the retiring Soviet ambassador to Washington, offering to publish the ageing diplomat's memoirs. The letter was never even answered. Today, thanks to *glasnost*, books by Soviet authors are about to begin rolling off U.S. presses.

Least interesting among these, no doubt, will be *Parting with Illusions* (due in September from Atlantic Monthly Press), by that Soviet Donahue, the television personality and disinformation specialist Vladimir Pozner. In the grand tradition of the high-school essay, Pozner compares and contrasts the "national philosophies" of the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Potentially more provocative will be a book by the maverick Soviet politician Boris Yeltsin. As yet unwritten, the book was commissioned recently by Summit Books and is scheduled for release early in 1990. More promising still are two books by Soviet economists. *Inside Perestroika: The Future of the Soviet Economy* (due in September from Harper & Row), by Abel Aganbegyan—one of Gorbachev's advisors and reputed to be the architect of *perestroika*—offers chapters on "How the Science of Economics Was Uprooted under Stalin," "Moving to a Market System in Capital Equipment," and "Democratization as the Main Moving Force of *Perestroika*." And *The Turning Point: Revitalizing the Soviet Economy* (due from Doubleday in October) is by Nikolai Shmelev and Vladimir Popov, economists at the Institute for the U.S. and Canada who made headlines last month when they characterized the establishment of a free-market economy in Russia as "a matter of survival." —DAVID KLINGHOFFER

True enough, although, since Hecht's death in the early 1960s, television, with its daily audience of hundreds of millions, has dwarfed film as a molder and warper of public feelings and perceptions. At that, Goldwyn's films were somewhat better than the average; a few of them, most notably his 1946 Oscar-winning *Best Years of Our Lives*, are evergreens. They often embodied patriotic and ethical values, and were designed for that all but lost public, the "family audience." While a horrible father, Goldwyn was a true Uncle Sam, with a personal appreciation for an America where, name and all, one could start life over. He believed in his own simple but solid sense of quality. As Berg recounts,

> More than once, he explained to Jean Negulesco the secret of being a successful producer. "You get yourself a great story," he would say. "Then you get the best writer available. Then you get the best director. Then you hire a first-rate cameraman. . . ." The first time Negulesco heard this wisdom, he started to laugh. A dead-serious Goldwyn stopped him, saying, "I mean it. It is the only way."

The result was usually a film good of its kind, but not necessarily of the right kind. Sam Goldwyn was the Hugh Hefner of his day, a man of mediocre taste and robust but crude intelligence, but with extraordinary drive and an unquenchable thirst for prestige. In their own times and fashions, both men understood their audience because they thought and felt the way it did, and were willing to invest heavily in products they knew it would enjoy. Mr. Berg prowls around this point without making it quite as succinctly as Lindsay Anderson (whom he does not quote) did in 1974:

> There are lucky ones whose great hearts, shallow and commonplace as bedpans, beat an instinctive tune with the great heart of the public, who laugh as it likes to laugh, weep the sweet and easy tears it likes to weep . . . Goldwyn is blessed with that divine confidence in the rightness (moral, aesthetic, commercial) of his own intuitions—and that I suppose is the chief reason for his success.

He had a sharp and canny eye. When someone dismissed fledgling actor Robert Montgomery's screen test because his neck looked too long, Goldwyn retorted, "His neck is not too long; his collars are too short." He ordered new shirts and a new screen test, and a star was born. Once, viewing rushes of a medieval epic, Goldwyn spotted an anachronistically gum-chewing extra in the background whom everyone else had missed. He also recognized scenery-chewing when he saw it. In 1938, for example, Goldwyn intervened on the strife-torn set of *Wuthering Heights* to put a youthfully hammy Laurence Olivier in his place, pointing out that classical stage mannerisms looked ridiculous when viewed through the camera's lens. Olivier, who

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had been making life miserable for Merle Oberon, mended his ways, and both turned in excellent screen performances.

As he succeeded, Goldwyn took up Savile Row suits, riding, and croquet, at which he cheated shamelessly. The thousands of famous malapropisms credited to him, many of them accurately, helped build his legend, but were a lifelong obstacle to his goal of being taken seriously. He resented the way his slips of the tongue betrayed his immigrant origins and lack of education ("I hate my mouth," he once said after a particularly embarrassing blooper); he does not seem to have realized how much camouflaged wit and good judgment some of them contained. If he once introduced Field Marshal Montgomery to a VIP audience as "Marshall Field Montgomery," and grotesquely merged two very different film titles into *Valley of the Hello Dollies*, he also coined a stoic phrase that Marcus Aurelius himself would have envied. In life, Sam Goldwyn observed, "You've got to take the bitter with the sour."

Mr. Berg, whom many readers will remember for his excellent *Max Perkins: Editor of Genius*, has now given us another solid biography, which, in telling us the story of one remarkable man, outlines the history of Hollywood itself, and the magnificent if misshapen immigrant vision of America that defined its formative years. □

FICTION

NOVEL EVENTS

Carol Iannone

ANNE TYLER'S ten novels before the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Breathing Lessons* are all readily available in cheap paperback editions. Each of them is garnished with a sampling of the kind of criticism Miss Tyler tends to collect ("phenomenal," "astonishing," "wonderful," "marvelous," "extraordinarily good"), and each features a short back-cover introduction that invites us into the story almost the way radio announcers introduced soap operas years ago ("And when Morgan crashes into the lives of two lovely young newlyweds, no one's heart is safe"). The novels themselves are painstaking chronicles of the vicissitudes of middle-class family life, and notwithstanding that her hardcover publisher is the prestigious Alfred A. Knopf, one might have felt secure in assessing Miss Tyler as a pop novelist with a large audience probably more female than male.

But on almost all the paperback editions of her works can be found, as well, a rather ominous quotation from an anonymous *New York Times* reviewer. "Miss Tyler," we are told, "is steadily raising a body of work of major dimensions." Her penultimate novel, *The Accidental Tourist*, won the National Book Critics Circle Award for 1985 and was made not just into a movie but into a presumably more elegant "movie event," according to the cover copy. Miss Tyler was recently elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and she has become the subject of scholarly articles and dissertations. And now, for *Breathing Lessons*, the Pulitzer Prize. What has happened? Has a "major artist" emerged while we weren't looking? This seems to be the opinion of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which found that with *The Accidental Tourist* Anne Tyler, writing fiction since 1964, had at last "slipped into the front ranks of American writers."

Miss Tyler is of course a "woman writer" ("among the finest women writers publishing in this country today," according to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*), and this can't be dismissed as an element in her success. Still, she is no feminist. Her female characters do flirt with ideas of independence but usually come to stitch themselves rather firmly back into the familial fabric from which they were beginning to unravel. Miss Tyler is more or less a realistic writer, and one can sense in her admiring critics a certain relief at finding approachable characters, accessible narratives, and old-fashioned plots after struggles with modernism, minimalism, metafiction, etc.; this too may be a source of her appeal. But the real key to her rise in reputation might well lie in the way she seems to speak to the odd mixed mood of resignation and hope that characterizes the liberal mind at this moment.

As is no news to anyone, a soberer appreciation of middle-class life has emerged from the ruins of the counterculture, although this new sense of acceptance can come with some continuing disappointment at the limitations of this life and a hope for some kind of change. One can readily see variations on this disposition in a new journal like *Tikkun* (and perhaps sometimes in the magazine Miss Tyler herself writes for, *The New Republic*), and in films like *Field of Dreams*. In her own, different way, Miss Tyler also responds to this mood, mostly by giving expression to all its shades and inflections. Novel by novel she takes her readers through the milestones and upheavals of middle-class life—birth, death, marriage, divorce, remarriage, sibling rivalry, mid-life crisis, generational conflict, empty-nest syndrome, etc.—and always lands them on their feet. She manages to be both celebratory and rueful, both ordinary and madcap, and sometimes even mildly bizarre. She can embrace the continuity of family life as well as the disruptions of abandonment, leave-taking, and divorce. She can weave in all kinds of cultural types—flower children, teenage mothers, abandoned wives, even hostage-takers—without losing a shred of narrative complacency. With her all-encompassing, non-judgmental, low-grade-soap-opera formats, she seems to offer the reassurance that anything can happen (*The Accidental Tourist*, for example) or that nothing can happen (*Breathing Lessons*, for example), and that either will be okay.

The sense of reassurance conveyed by a Tyler novel begins with the form of her plots, since, somewhat in the manner of a romance novelist, she basically writes the same story over and over again, although she works and reworks and modifies and qualifies

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and contracts and expands with more surface variety. In some way or another she typically sets a disencumbered but often sterile and lonely individualism against the complex and inexorable vortex of life and its attachments. Her novels can feature boarding houses populated by various oddballs, and ancestral homes filled with quirky families, clusters of sisters, bunches of brothers, bundles of babies, eccentric grandmothers, crusty grandfathers, spinster aunts, bachelor uncles, uneasy in-laws. When a character leaves home, a bus ride, a train ride, a car ride becomes a chance for Miss Tyler to introduce additional characters who represent the ceaseless pulse and flow of life. Against the pulse and flow, certain individuals may more or less conduct a usually inchoate personal struggle, or sometimes hide out in family connections grown stale and barren. The task is ordinarily to learn or to accept or to renegotiate some kind of attachment, although Miss Tyler covers all bets by sympathizing with the restless or sullen loners who cannot quite accommodate themselves to the busy (and often inadvertently airless) domesticity that dominates her books.

Miss Tyler does pull off a few amiable effects here and there, but by and large her stories are rather faceless and thin, while her voice has no character whatsoever, and she seems at times to have arbitrarily set herself different narrative tasks—flashbacks, alternating points of view, a novel set all on one day—in order to relieve the general tedium. She sometimes goes for a Southern effect, but she is no more a Southern writer than her home town of Baltimore is a Southern city. Basically what we hear, when we're hearing anything, is watered-down Welty, MacCullers, O'Connor, or Faulkner. In *Celestial Navigation* (1974), for example, a bunch of middle-aged siblings reflect in separate sections on the death of their mother in an aimless imitation of *As I Lay Dying*. As for the gothic oddities Miss Tyler will sometimes introduce—bizarre shootings, self-mutilations, curious country types—so far from such eccentricities really opening out the plot, as they might in the above writers, in Anne Tyler they just get smoothed into the general formula. The long and mysteriously lost Caleb Peck in *Searching for Caleb* (1975) turns out to be none other than one of Miss Tyler's chronic loners; similarly, the kidnapper in *Earthly Possessions* (1977) is, after all is said and done, running away from the messy attachments of life.

In lieu of deep characterization, Miss Tyler often settles for cartoon sketches. In *Morgan's Passing* (1980), the eponymous hero's dissatisfaction with his life is manifested in his habit of padding about Baltimore in different disguises. Macon Leary's fear of change in *The Accidental Tourist* is shown in the nature of his profession —he's a travel writer for people who hate to leave home. Likewise, his second chance at life comes in the form of a fast-talking working-class single mother given to wearing wildly colorful outfits of second-hand clothing. We are meant to see that for all her tawdriness, Muriel can supply a richness and texture unavailable to Macon in his stuffy middle-class milieu. (The emptiness of this relationship must have translated itself into the movie, or "movie event," as it were, helping to make the final scene of reconciliation between William Hurt and Geena Davis one of the most embarrassingly inauthentic moments in recent film.) In the same broad fashion, Miss Tyler deals in signpost metaphors. The Homesick Restaurant, in which the Tulls can never finish a meal in peace (in *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*, 1982), is meant to manifest their fragmented family life. There's nothing wrong with using metaphors in fiction, of course, but in Miss Tyler's work they are a crutch, as if she weren't sure her basic material could stand without them. (And, indeed, the weakness of the controlling metaphor in *Breathing Lessons*—the breathing lessons pregnant women take to prepare for natural childbirth—had a number of her admiring critics quite puzzled as to what the novel was about.)

But all of these deficiencies can be seen to be part of Miss Tyler's appeal. If she were any better than she is at what she does, she could not exert her peculiar charms. If the elements in her fiction were more vividly realized, some things might turn out to be at risk and the stakes would rise alarmingly. The disruptive heart of darkness in some behavior might actually peep through, the irreconcilable discontinuity between certain choices might become more tragically apparent, the aching corruptions of selfishness and self-absorption might emerge more disturb-

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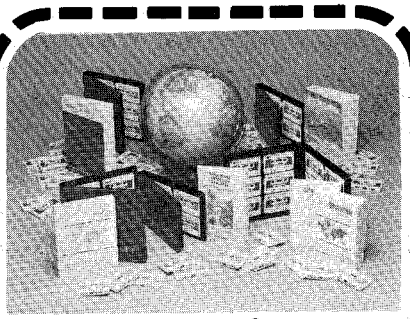

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THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

In recent weeks, units of the National Guard have been deployed along our southern border to assist in the war against drugs. Public support for an increased U.S. military presence there is growing. Members of Congress and drug czar William Bennett have joined the chorus calling for military force to secure our porous 1,952-mile border with Mexico.

Although it is viewed by many Americans as a "friendly" country, Mexico is the United States's number-one source of heroin and marijuana and is used as a major supply route by Colombia's cocaine merchants. Indeed, as Elaine Shannon details in *Desperados: Latin Drug Lords, U.S. Lawmen, and the War America Can't Win* (Viking, $21.95), Mexico has become another Colombia. While Mexico City routinely promises to cooperate with U.S.-sponsored anti-drug efforts, Miss Shannon provides alarming documentation of official complicity.

Despite boasts by the Mexican government in 1980 that it had "virtually wiped out" the drug trade, drug-running activity continued to climb throughout the early to mid 1980s. Whenever the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) got on the trail of a major distributor, it ran into interference from the Mexican police. The DEA discovered that huge marijuana plantations had been established in Zacatecas and Chihuahua, but the Mexican government banned air surveillance of suspected drug-growing areas. Drug kingpins were found not only to enjoy the protection of members of the Federal Security Directorate (DFS) and Federal Judicial Police (FJP), but even to carry DFS credentials, giving them virtual immunity from prosecution.

One of the agents investigating these activities, Kiki Camarena, was kidnapped in Guadalajara, Mexico, on February 7, 1985, and later found murdered. Following demands for action from the Reagan Administration, Mexican police raided a ranch where they claimed to have heard Camarena was being held, killed the rancher, his wife, and three children, "discovered" Camarena's tortured corpse behind the ranch house, and announced that the case was closed. However, the DEA was not convinced that Camarena had been done away with by low-level dealers. Further investigation disclosed that he had been targeted for execution by powerful drug lords, who had allies within the DFS, the military, and the Mexican attorney general's office. The Camarena case remains unresolved.

One would like to believe that Camarena didn't die in vain. The harsh reality is that after some highly publicized arrests and drug seizures in Mexico, conditions reverted to business as usual. Two of the major suspects, following their detention by the Mexican police, continued to direct their drug-running operations from the security of their suites in the Reclusorio del Norte, the federal penitentiary located in Mexico City.

Miss Shannon intersperses her narrative with vivid portraits of a number of the leading dealers, including one Mañuel Salcido Uzeta, commonly referred to as *Cochi Loco* (Crazy Pig). Señor Salcido, the unofficial mayor of Mazatlan—a vacation spot favored by American tourists—has been seen driving openly around town, protected by officers of the Sinaloa state judicial police. As the author observes, he and his associates are valued by the business community, since they are among the few who are investing in Mexico today.

The author reviews the recent history of the U.S. response to conditions in Mexico and our relations with other Third World "allies" who are participating in the international drug trade. She suggests that worried American bankers, who have billions of dollars in outstanding loans to these countries, have encouraged Washington to soft-pedal the extent of official involvement in drug-running and related criminal endeavors, for fear that resulting bad publicity might further undermine debt-collection efforts. Perhaps this is why the U.S. has thus far failed to enact punitive measures, such as trade sanctions and the issuing of a State Department travel advisory, that might lead the Mexican government to take the war against drugs more seriously.

Some of the bitter clashes over the direction of policy within Washington circles are recounted here. Miss Shannon, who has written for *Time* and *Newsweek*, finds it "ironic" that "two of Washington's most doctrinaire conservatives"—Senator Jesse Helms and departing customs chief William von Raab—took the lead "in accusing Mexico of corruption, oppression, and election fraud." She pays grudging tribute to Senator Helms, who, over the objections of both the State Department and the Mexican government, held open hearings that drew national attention to the threat to U.S. security posed by official corruption in the Mexican government, and raised the specter of the ascendancy of a Sandinista-style regime in Mexico City. In his testimony before Helms's committee, von Raab remarked that he presumed all Mexican lawmen were heavily engaged in drug trafficking. "Our border is being violated at will," he warned, and he urged Congress to devote additional resources to law enforcement along the border.

Miss Shannon's purpose—which she accomplishes in exemplary fashion—is to describe the current situation, not to outline solutions. After finishing *Desperados*, however, most readers will conclude that there are no easy alternatives to border control. The policy of trying to "go to the source" and encourage drug-producing countries to raise alternative crops (none of which come close to the value of coca, opium, and marijuana) is clearly bankrupt. Only a drastic cut in demand will cause producers to seek other means of earning a living.

When Miss Shannon describes this as "the war America can't win," she draws a parallel between our conduct of the anti-drug campaign and the Vietnam War, where Congress, the media, and the public at large failed to create the climate that would make victory feasible. If America's drug war is not to resemble a replay of *The Fall of Saigon*, it is going to take a lot more than "Just Say No." Heads will have to roll, both here and south of the border. □

Mr. Lutton is a policy analyst writing from Washington, D.C.

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ingly. Life might turn out to be a serious business, and an odd mood of wistful resignation and dreamy hope might turn out to be insufficient after all. □

IN PRINT

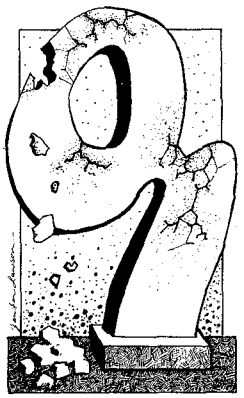
ANTIDOTE

George Sim Johnston

Image: A Journal of the Arts & Religion, edited by Harold Fickett and Gregory Wolfe, published by the St. Caedmon Foundation, a division of the Hillsdale Review, Inc.

THERE IS A STORY, perhaps apocryphal, that Pope Pius XII sat down one day to read Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair*. When he finished the novel, he turned to one of his aides and said, "This man needs help!"

The reaction is apposite to most modern art. We walk by canvases in SoHo that snarl and yap like pit bull terriers and wonder about the sorts of minds that produce this stuff. A friend of mine went to church for the first time in years recently after attending an off-Broadway play filled with blasphemies which he said made him feel "unclean." Far from seeing anything wrong with this situation, our cultural elites for the most part encourage the shocking and the amoral. The more sinister the *frisson*, the more successful a work of art is judged to be.



Jennifer Lawson

But there is a remnant of moral common sense in our cultural life, and it has recently organized itself into a journal of the arts and religion called *Image*. The editors are serious about the religion part. No, they are not on patrol with a barrel of fig leaves, although this is what the art world may assume such an enterprise is about. Rather, they want to re-open the lines of communication between the artistic and the sacred. Given the fact that everything of value in Western culture derives (however remotely in some cases) from religious impulses and that the rupture between the two spheres probably explains much that is degrading or merely frivolous in modern art, the project has a certain urgency.

The contents of the first issue—fiction, poetry, art, literary criticism, and an absorbing interview with Frederick Bruechner, a first-rate novelist who has been neglected precisely because he deals with religious themes—bode well. The editors, Harold Fickett and Gregory Wolfe, point to evidence that our cultural institutions already show signs of being more open to the "numinous." They mention recent novels by John Updike; J. F. Powers, and Walker Percy (although Updike's last two novels may inspire in some the same reaction that Pope Pius had to Greene).

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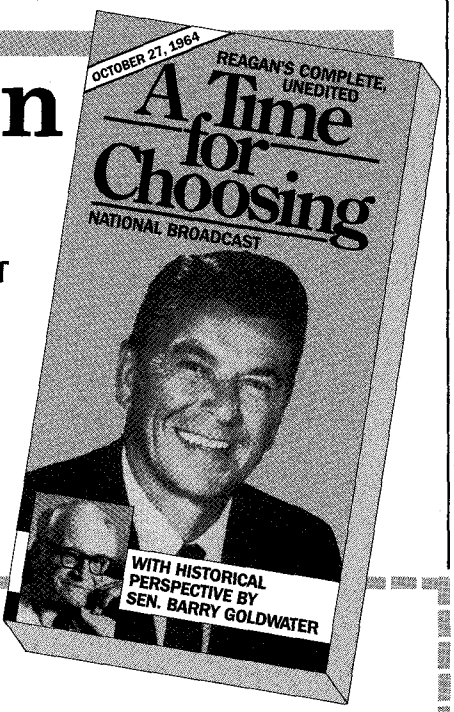

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But the problem is that even when the real thing, spiritually speaking, shows up in a work of modern art, the critical establishment is so uncomprehending that the artist might as well be working in the dark. (One thinks of Edmund Wilson's rage at *Brideshead Revisited* or Peter De Vries's silly remarks about J. F. Powers.) Not remotely puritanical—a free-wheeling essay entitled "Does John Updike Write Dirty Books?" quickly dispels *that* notion—the first issue of *Image* demonstrates that religious values are not incompatible with a sophisticated appreciation of the arts. On the contrary, they can make all the difference.

The opening editorial statement begins with Flannery O'Connor quoting Thomas Aquinas. The editors, in other words, have set their compass in the right direction: first, because Miss O'Connor proved that orthodox faith is an advantage for an artist confronting the modern world; second, because Thomism is a powerful antidote against the corrosives of modern thought; and third, because the editors have thus demonstrated how far they are from most custodians of our cultural life, who seem to think that there was a black hole between the ancient Greeks and the Renaissance and that Western man was able to get on with "realizing" himself only after shaking off his medieval Christian faith.

This entirely erroneous notion of history is held, for example, by the editors of *The New Republic*, who in their recent praise of the "blasphemy" of Salman Rushdie imply that Western civilization did not begin until the time of Bacon and Galileo. "Remember that Europe was once a stifled, theocratic, feudal, crusading society . . ." and so forth. But Western civilization owes its existence to the Church. How, out of the rot and anarchy of the barbarian tribes, did we come to get the great cathedrals, the *Divine Comedy*, and the university as we know it today? Did all this come from Attila the Hun? The modern scientific spirit is also the offspring of medieval Christianity, however paradoxical this might sound to present-day intellectuals.

A journal like *Image*, whose editors understand such lineages, is in a position to inject some sanity into our cultural life. It can help us understand where our true roots lie and thereby foster an art that ennobles rather than depresses. The task before the editors is daunting, but the first issue of *Image* suggests that they have the ability and ambition to bring it off. □

Mr. Johnston is a freelance writer living in New York.

SOUND ON DISC

A SMALL GAMUT OF MUSIC

Ralph de Toledano

THE BERLIOZ *Symphonie Fantastique*, like the *Harold in Italy* and the *Enfance du Christ*, is the kind of composition that grows with repeated playing. There seem to be voices within voices which call out differently at the summons of different conductors and orchestras. But Roger Norrington's with the London Classical Players (Angel-EMI CDC 7 49541 2) is the most exciting and fulfilling *Fantastique* I have yet heard—and perhaps the closest to what Berlioz himself heard from the podium. For the London Classical Players not only play instruments of Berlioz's time, they also are arranged on the platform in the manner Berlioz wanted, and this makes a difference in what we hear and how we hear it. But it is Norrington's reading that seizes us, for he gets to the gut of the score as none other, I would suggest, has. It is easy to understand why there is something of a Norrington vogue on both sides of the Atlantic.

□ Norrington also brings us an "original instruments" version of Beethoven's Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2 (Angel-EMI CDC 7 49509 2). These two lovely works of the younger Beethoven are usually played somewhat casually, as if in a hurry to get to the main event, Nos. 4 & 5. Norrington, again with the London Classical Players, gives them their full due—showing us that though Beethoven was still indebted to the Haydn-Mozart classicism, he already spoke with the authority of his own voice. Melvyn Tan, a sensitive young pianist, contributes a sound and vigorous performance at the fortepiano —an instrument of more flexible utterance than the more brilliant and metallic pianoforte. Perhaps it is the lift he gets from Norrington, but I prefer these recordings to those recently released by Claudio Arrau.

□ As part of its *Great Performances* series, CBS has now reissued on CD Mozart's Violin Concertos 4 & 5 (MYK 37808) and Symphonies No. 36 (*Linz*) & 38 (*Prague*) (MYK 38473). The concertos remind us that Mozart was a first-class violinist, and thus fully aware of the potential and the cussedness of the instrument. Isaac Stern makes us forget the cussedness with his sweep of understanding and technique. There have been, I am sure, violinists far greater than Stern, but I wonder if any played with the sterling conviction that is the hallmark of his performances. As for the symphonies, written at the height of Mozart's powers, they are so full of rhythm, vigor, and melody that it is difficult for me to listen to them sitting down. They are conducted here by Bruno Walter, the good and trustworthy, who never let a musical ego stand between him and the score, whether it was Mozart or his beloved Mahler.

□ Orpheus and his lyre, the poet tells us, made trees and mountain tops bow down. Vivaldi poured 12 concertos into his *La Cetra* and proved that Bach was an astute judge in placing him so high in the baroque pantheon. These are among the best of the four hundred he wrote in a lifetime that took him to the heights of fame, and then to a pauper's grave. This is music that dances and leaps among the solo instruments or moves calmly in unison—12 utter delights, particularly at the hands of Christopher Hogwood, the Academy of Ancient Music, and violinist Simon Standage. The compact disc brought Vivaldi back, and the original-instruments movement has given him new luster. *La Cetra* (L'Oiseau-Lyre 421 366-2) and a new recording of *The Four Seasons*, plus concertos for three and four violins, led by Salvatore Accardo (Philips 422 065-2) are a measure of this.

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☐ "On the feast of St. John the Baptist," the young Constantin Huygens wrote in 1620, "I was taken to the Vespers in the church of [San Giovanni Battista] where I heard the most accomplished music I think I shall ever hear in my life. The very famous Claudio di Monteverdi, *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's, whose composition it was, led and also conducted it on this occasion . . . I was transported with delight." Nowhere among the works of Monteverdi is there a *Vespri di S. Giovanni Battista*, but Frits Noske has reconstructed a beautiful and moving substitute out of the polyphony of Monteverdi, Gregorian chant, and linked compositions of Giovanni Gabrieli and other contemporaries. Conducted by Gustav Leonhardt with the Netherlands Chamber Choir, and the Chorus Viennensi, this is a musicological treasure and a *chef d'œuvre*—an echo of the superlative voices of faith which rang in seventeenth-century Italy (Philips 422 074-2). We remember the musical giant that was Monteverdi more for his operas and his madrigals, but his liturgical works reach out far more powerfully and appealingly.

☐ Precious little jazz has come my way in the past months, but a reissue on LP by Mosaic Records (35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Conn. 06902) makes up for the drought. I refer to *The Complete Johnny Hodges Sessions 1951-1955*. Hodges began recording in the early 1920s with King Oliver, but most of his career was with Duke Ellington. In the 1950s, he formed his own recording band, but the Ellington influence remained in his arrangements and general atmosphere, in part because of the men from Duke's orchestra he took into the studio with him. His major influences, we are told, were Louis Armstrong and that greatest of reed men, Sidney Bechet—but he was always his own man and the finest soloist on alto the jazz world has known—with a beauty of tone and an elegance which, combined with the earthiness of the blues, made him unique. In this six-record album (MRG-126, $54) Hodges runs through a repertory of Ellingtonia, his own melodies, and the jazz standards with verve and grace and superlative imagination. This is one of the great jazz collections, which belongs alongside the other greats that Mosaic has produced. ☐

DELECTATIONS

DEJEUNERS SUR L'HERBE

Nika Hazelton

PICNICKING means nothing more than consuming a meal in the open air. But there are picnics and picnics, from a properly laid table carried by white-gloved waiters into a shady garden, to a sandwich taken along to eat on a walk.

But let us assume that you are planning something in between, and inviting a number of guests. First, choose a site that can be reached largely by car with only a little walking, for it is no fun to carry picnic baskets for miles. Second, you must make absolutely sure that your guests are able and willing to go to the site you have chosen. As a veteran picnic-goer and picnic-giver, I can tell you that there is no point in sending a group of people trudging along a beach or a woodland path just to get something to eat.

Once you have arrived, the first order of business is to seat your guests comfortably and put a glass with a cold drink (preferably alcoholic) in their hands. The importance of this was instilled in me early in life, when I went on picnics with my Uncle Josef to a deserted (at that time, though alas no longer) beach near Rome. After we had walked a few hundred yards, Uncle Josef would produce some cold water and local wine, which we imbibed while catching our breath, before setting up the picnic site. As for what kind of hooch you should offer, I think the best choices are a light, dry white wine, or a not-too-powerful whisky and soda. In any case, it is a good idea to drink the same thing now that you will be drinking throughout the meal.

However, some people do not fancy alcohol. Thus you must bring some soft drinks or fruit juice just in case. Once I thought: What the hell—no one ever wants non-alcoholic drinks; so I didn't bring any. And would you believe it, all my friends who usually drank like fish suddenly turned abstemious and wanted soft drinks or juice!

How much setting up your picnic site will require depends on where it is and how windy it is. Sand, for example, can ruin a picnic, as can ants. For the picnics Uncle Josef arranged, we had a sturdy beach umbrella and a sheet fastened to four five-foot poles to shelter us from sun and wind, and we laid towels over the old-fashioned suitcases in which we had carried our picnic gear, to make a low sort of table to keep the sand out of our food.

What kind of food is suitable for a somewhat formal affair like your picnic? Cold cuts, cold chicken salad, and cheese would be my choice—and of course stuffed eggs. (Mash the hard-cooked yolks with a very little olive oil, add anchovy paste to suit you, mash again thoroughly, and put the savory yolks back into the whites. It's the Italian way to make stuffed eggs, and it is simple and tasty.) Take along some form of insulated container to keep things cool—but even so I warn you most seriously not to take foods made with mayonnaise or cream. Even a short stay under the sun can spoil them so that you may get seriously ill, even if they were carried in insulated bags.

Depending on how much you have to lug, you might choose to bring salad fixings (washed and ready to use), with a simple olive-oil-and-vinegar dressing carried separately, to be added when the salad is served. You might also take tomatoes, to be eaten alone or in a salad; the same goes for cucumbers and radishes. Use crackers instead of bread; you can splurge on several varieties.

For dessert, choose fruit of a transportable kind, and/or a slab of chocolate. Plus lots of *hot*, strong coffee and tea. And do not forget salt and pepper, napkins, and plastic bags for the debris, which you must not leave behind. And do not forget water, which is still the best thirst-quencher. You can keep the water (or any other liquid) cool by wrapping the containers in a wet cloth and hanging them up as high as possible to catch the breeze—but the cloth *must* be kept wet. (At our beach picnics with Uncle Josef we always kept our wine and water cooled this way.)

As for the tablecloth, glasses, cups, plates, forks, knives, and spoons, I

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suggest putting them out the night before, to avoid horrible harassments when you should be receiving your guests. A special picnic hamper, as sold in luxury stores, may give you class, but it is not at all necessary. However, if you picnic very frequently, it is smart to keep the basic utensils together all the time.

I have said nothing about broiling and grilling in the open air because I am against cooking on a picnic—although the majority of my friends think differently. If you insist, you can get all the necessary information from a good book on the subject. My own out-of-doors cooking is restricted to heating up a kettle full of something I have made in my kitchen, like a savory stew or a thick soup. A mild chili is a good choice, as is a lentil stew with sliced franks—you get the notion. Bring along a big fireproof kettle, and heat up the stew over an outdoor facility provided or (if it is permitted) over a small fire of twigs gathered on the spot. But do be careful about the fire, and leave no greasy relics behind, but pack everything left over into one of the plastic bags you have brought.

P.S.: I want to thank all the very nice people who wrote me congratulating me on becoming a Grande Dame d'Escoffier, and for saying such nice things about Delectations. Be patient, my dears, and each of you will get a letter from me in due time. Meanwhile, thank you again. □

CATTO

(Continued from page 37)

of the price he paid for lawlessness."

What, then, to make of this brilliant, passionate, opinionated man? How accurate have his judgments been? In the answer lies irony: he who excoriated Ronald Reagan for rigid ideology has one of his own. His angry predictions of disaster in disarmament talks, South Africa, Grenada, and Central America proved inaccurate. Loathing for certain policies sometimes seemed a loathing of America itself, with a concomitant willingness to forgive abroad what could never be tolerated at home.

All to often, Lewis's views tumble forth in *cris de cœur*, tantrums of adolescent intemperance; he pours forth indignation at the world's injustice and stupidity with no regard to balance. His work might improve through a broader scope, including, for example, more thoughts on economics (seldom a theme) and his "no free lunch" theory. Perhaps he should show more of his engaging personality and sense of humor, and hold back on the attacks on public figures. But let it be said: on his tombstone will never be chiseled "Laodicean." Anthony Lewis speaks his mind—*fiat justitia, ruat coelum.* □

METHVIN

(Continued from page 25)

the development of pluralism in all spheres of life." Astonishingly, the Memorial campaign won the blessing of Gorbachev himself, and the 4,991 delegates to the Party conference approved the idea.

Last November, with official help, Memorial observed "a week of conscience" with a Moscow exhibition. Some 35,000 people attended, pitching the equivalent of more than $80,000 into a wheelbarrow as donations. They saw photographs of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and signed petitions for publication of his works. Many brought and posted photographs of relatives who had disappeared, with brief notes, giving their date of arrest and asking for information on their fates. So popular was the exhibition it had to be extended two extra days.

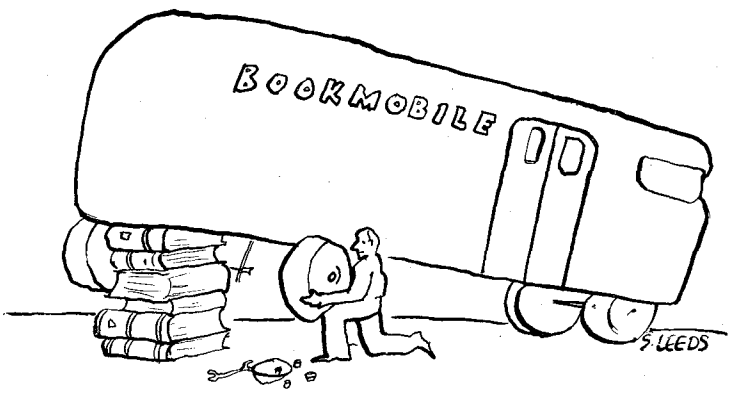
Already Memorial has publicized startling new evidence that Stalin's death count far exceeded Hitler's. At a Memorial meeting in Moscow last fall, Feodor Volkov, a respected academic, toted up the horrendous toll of Stalin's terror: 19 million killed during the purges that began in 1934; 22 million killed during the forced collectivization of agriculture and "the murder famine" in 1929-31; 34 million killed during World War II; six to nine million killed between the war's end and Stalin's death, in 1953. His numbers—totaling around fifty million non-war deaths—far exceed those claimed by Solzhenitsyn and Western historians.

These numbers also far exceed the estimated total of deliberate exterminations by the Nazis—around 11 million. By this reckoning, Stalin would handily defeat Hitler for the title of the bloody twentieth century's worst mass murderer. Indeed, the 1937 census showed such devastation that Stalin had the census-takers shot, their enumeration obliterated, and a new, fake census taken. Soviet demographers have never been allowed to publish the full census data necessary for an accurate accounting.

Last January, eight hundred delegates from ninety Memorial chapters across the Soviet Union gathered in Moscow. The poet Andrei Voznesensky proclaimed: "The best monument is not a monument of stone but an organization that will ensure there will never be a repetition of our country's shame."

The delegates adopted a charter resolving to "guard and immortalize the memory of the victims of Stalinism." They backed Andrei Sakharov, Boris Yeltsin, and others in their successful bid for election to the new Congress of People's Deputies.

Memorial's leaders are now pushing a radical next step: holding a trial on Stalin's crimes in the same Kremlin building, the Hall of Columns, where Stalin condemned his rivals to death in the 1936-38 show trials. The Memorialists claim they want to emulate the Soviet-promoted International Tribunal assembled in Stockholm by Bertrand Russell to discredit American participation in the Vietnam War. "But they are fooling no one," notes *Washington Post* correspondent David Remnick. "A full-scale hearing on the Stalin era would mirror nothing less than the 1946 Nuremberg trials of Nazi war criminals." □



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MARS? WHAT ARE THE ALTERNATIVES?

NEW YORK, JULY 24

PEOPLE GET ANNOYED when you use words that do not come trippingly off the tongue of Oprah Winfrey, but how else than to designate it as a "velleity" would you describe President Bush's fair-weather call for landing some people on Mars? It isn't quite like the old axiom that the reason you struggle to climb that peak over there in the Himalayas is because it is—"there." Mars is certainly there, and one cannot question the integrity of the exploratory imperative. But whereas climbing Mt. Everest requires harnessing the energies of a few dozen men and donkeys, reaching Mars is roughly the equivalent of hiring 300,000 men and paying them $1 million each.

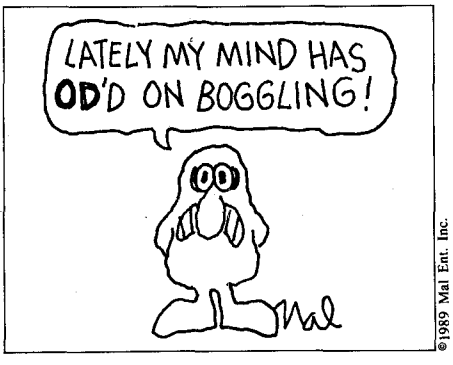
Nor is it appropriate to say: Mars, so what? For all we know, Mars has on it the greatest of mysteries, the key to political duplicity. Perhaps our astronauts could stuff some of it into a canister, release it in Washington, and cause every political hypocrite to flee its noxious fumes, leaving Washington empty. Or: conceivably one could find Life on Mars—nice old ladies and gentlemen who could tell us that Jesus Christ was a planetary figure of parochial dimension and, by doing so, spare the Christian world the awful overhead of all those priests, and nuns, and papal peregrinations, and missions, and cemeteries. And then there is Waystation Moon. The moon is wonderfully glamorous, and there are those of us who, twenty years ago, paid no attention even to such sideshows as were going on at Chappaquiddick, so enthralled were we by Neil Armstrong's spectacular achievement. But—the moon, like Mt. Everest, is, well, déjà vu.

Which leads us to wonder why Mr. Bush is planting his romantic garden so far out in space. There are particularities in near space that are under-cultivated. We need more satellites, more (unmanned) space stations to monitor the weather, give us geophysical information, exploit ethereal territory. Why focus on Mars, when well short of it might lie the key to the weather of the earth?

But other bypasses are of primary concern. It is reaching a point not only of economic scandal but of intellectual scandal that we have all but aborted our effort toward nuclear power. They speak of Senator McCarthy paralyzing the Foreign Service: will history give us an analogue more indicative of the power of superstition than that of the anti-nuclear lobbyists? In 1979 President Carter proclaimed that no higher percentage of foreign fuel would ever enter the United States. Foreign oil now accounts for about 50 per cent of our current consumption. Meanwhile, France's electrical needs are 62 per cent served by its nuclear generators, which thrum along, no sweat, no Jane Fonda to say them nay: in France, if Jane were to appear in front of a nuclear generator to demand action, the reaction would be not, Down with the generator, but, Down in front.

It is nothing less than a historic scandal that Congress and three Administrations have lain down and died on the nuclear-power issue. Enough is known about the safe construction of nuclear-energy plants to justify the certification, by the government, of a safe prototype. I.e., you build a plant of these specifications, using these modern techniques that guard against meltdown, and we, the government, will protect you—even as we protect bank depositors—against lawsuits the effect of which is to enrich the legal participants, protect nobody against any threat, and wrench the United States into a Luddite gear the equivalent of which, had such a thing happened two generations ago, would have been to forbid the flight of airplanes on the grounds that one of them might lose its wings and fall on Aunt Minnie.

It is, really, a pity that Mr. Bush should feel that presidential trajectories require him to find one planet further away from the last planet, toward which to aim our undeployed astronauts. These gentlemen (and ladies) are genuine heroes, but their obsession with space isn't, or rather shouldn't be, communicable. It isn't a sign of provincialism to say that it makes more sense to spend excess dollars on developing domestic-fuel-consumption options than to spend them inquiring into the flora and fauna of Mars. It is the kind of common sense that guided Mr. Armstrong to proceed as he did on July 20, 1969. Giant steps for mankind sometimes suggest refocused attention to the back yard. □



GROW UP

NEW YORK, JULY 26

THE FRONT-PAGE STORY (*N.Y. Times*, July 24) is headlined, "HUD Approved Rent Subsidies / After Coors Wrote the Secretary." From the headline alone, the burden of the story is communicated. Here is what the reader is invited to think:

1. Wherever HUD sent money, during the Reagan years, you can bet your life that that money was a gift by taxpayers to greedy developers, whose intermediaries in getting the business got fat consulting fees.

2. Joe Coors is a wealthy brewer from Colorado and known to be a hot conservative. It is especially ironic under the circumstances that he should be the venal influence-peddler.

3. One more sleaze-in-the-box.

Now the story does go on to reveal details that are relevant to questions raised about Mr. Coors's behavior. We discover, for instance, that he had zero financial interest in the transaction. Coors is not a developer, nor does he have an interest in the construction company that got the federal money.

We learn, moreover, that when the committee that makes the final decision met, the vote was to include Denver as one of the five urban centers in which the housing-rehabilitation money would be spent, and that a city in Michigan that had been on the short list (five) to receive money was dropped. The voting committee, whose names are given in the story, was probed by the reporter, and all its members said that they did not remember why it was that they had decided to vote for Denver rather than for the Michigan city, and that

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they had not been aware that Joe Coors had recommended Denver.

The gentleman who had initiated the application for the federal housing funds, Mr. Keith Sutton, said that he had not been aware of the intervention of Mr. Coors either. But he saw fit to add, "That was nice of him."

Now the time has surely come to ask oneself: How does the reading public think that federal funds are allocated? Is there a man with brain so dead as to believe that political influence is not at work when these decisions are made?

Here are two interesting historical examples, both of them involving Kennedys. Senator John F. Kennedy was asked early in the Fifties by the Hoover Commission whether he would consent to cutting a federal subsidy to a little Massachusetts factory organized to make yarn when temporarily it was in short supply because of the British-Confederate blockade during the—Civil War! For almost a hundred years, a hundred-odd Massachusetts yarn-spinners had been subsidized to make the stuff available at one-half the price on the world market. Answer by Senator Kennedy? No—the factory stays. Mr. Hoover's deputy came in with a counter-offer: Suppose the government agreed to finance all workers until they died or retired or left, on the understanding that no new workers would be hired to replace them. Is that okay? No.

In the mid Sixties Senator Robert Kennedy gave a talk at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There was much discussion of closing down dilapidated and uneconomic military and naval facilities, and a commission had listed the Brooklyn Navy Yard as disastrously obsolete. In his prepared speech, Senator Kennedy had a paragraph in which he confessed his regret that he had to go along with the commission's findings. But the crowd was so uproariously indignant at the proposed action that when Senator Kennedy reached that passage in his speech —he skipped over it.

We all know that it was decided last year that the only way to reduce the number of unnecessary military installations was to get an independent committee to make a confidential examination and come out with a list of the primary obsolete facilities. And then Congress would have the option to—close them all down, or close none of them down. This amounted to the clearest acknowledgment that closing down individual units would put impossible pressures on congressmen and senators representing condemned facilities.

Why then isn't it considered a matter of civic pride, fidelity, and a zealous regard for one's own to write to the Secretary of HUD, to address him as Dear Sam if you happen to be on Sam-Joe terms, and to urge the merits of your state even when it means sacrificing a project in Michigan?

Look. The whole system stinks. But that is that part of democracy to which Churchill referred when he said that democracy was an awful system any alternative to which was worse. If we're going to have federal funds for public housing, we're going to spend those funds in places that irradiate political influence.

Time for people to grow up, and for the sensationalists to contain themselves. □

REMEMBERING SIDNEY HOOK

NEW YORK, JULY 21

MANY YEARS AGO (I was 26) on a balmy afternoon late in the spring I rattled northward on a train to engage in a debate at Bennington College. I knew my adversary was a tough hombre, but I was simply unprepared for the ferocity with which he scorned me, my arguments, and (even) one or two of my friends. I did some counterpunching but found myself unable to handle the sheer hot fire from the other end of the platform. At the reception later, the president of the college whispered to me: "You have to understand. A half-hour before the debate, Sidney Hook learned that John Dewey had died. Sidney is his executor."

Those of us who had gone through college without experiencing the least temptation to engage Karl Marx were ignorant of the library of technical material (*Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx*, *From Hegel to Marx*, etc.) that had made Professor Hook famous in his field of philosophy. But having disposed of the Marxist temptation, Hook went on, as indeed he went on until the week of his death, taking on other challenges. Within a few years of our first encounter at Bennington we were fighting in the same battle, though neither in the same war nor in the same trench. Sidney Hook was a leader of the movement in the United States that held that Soviet Communism was a totalitarian incubus that threatened the entire planet and that here in America there were people one could properly call "fellow-travelers," who advanced the cause of the enemy and should be exposed and fought.

A tactical difference arose between Sidney Hook's circle of anti-Communists and another circle which held that Senator Joseph McCarthy, though a whirlwind of imprecision, was making important points about the contamination of U.S. foreign policy—a circle that included such fellow veterans of the anti-Communist wars as Max Eastman, James Burnham, and Eugene Lyons. And then too there was the distinguishing reason for going to war against Communism. In Sidney Hook's case, it was exclusively because he chose freedom. In the case of the rest of us, it was because we chose freedom but also because we believe that Communism is the enemy not only of man, but of God.

But Sidney Hook was, for everyone engaged in the battle, a profound and vigorous companion-in-arms. His mind attacked a problem, or an enemy, as an acetylene torch would tackle dumb concrete. His recall was total (in his autobiography, published a couple of years ago, he remembered episodes fifty years old as if that had been the day Kennedy was shot); his polemical apparatus was formidable; and his knowledge was—with maybe an exception that comes to mind—encyclopedic.

Though he fancied himself the supreme rationalist, one happily records that he was a little less than that: in certain respects Sidney Hook was prideful. When he retired from New York University and went to the Hoover Institution as a Fellow, his enemies felt they had got him at last. Got him? How?

By designating him—a "conservative"! At such a charge, Hook would bridle. On my television program he insisted that he was still a socialist, but he agreed that dogmatic socialism was unappealing. On the other hand if you take from socialism its dogma, you are left merely with this or that form of the welfare state, and by such standards Ronald Reagan is also a socialist.

In respect of his protracted war against religion he did 24-hour duty, and when a year or so ago I wrote for *The New York Times Magazine* a piece suggesting that the old relationship between doing right and doing what God commanded was missing nowadays, to the impoverishment of the world, he replied with Benningtonian fervor, insisting on the non-existence of God—or, rather, on the insufficiency of the evidence of His existence.

Ten years ago a longtime friend of Sidney Hook confided to me the most wonderfully humanizing story of the lacuna in Hook's knowledge. They were lunching at his apartment by Washington Square and Hook asked his guest if they could walk together in the park after lunch. Hook sat down on a park bench and said to him, "Ralph, I want you to tell me something I don't know. What exactly do homosexuals do?" So, my friend told me through his laughter, "I told him. His glasses came down a bit on his nose, and then he said, 'That's disgusting!' " From the prince of rationalism—reason.

I think back six years ago. He had had a stroke and had not been expected to live. But he was making progress, and slowly recovering his voice. I was walking toward the lecture hall at Stanford and we met in the corridor. Instinctively I gave him a big hug. I think I greatly embarrassed him, but I'm so glad I did it. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Payment for damages
53 70 137 141 17 1 37 201 100 29 195

B. Corvallis institution (2 words)
107 143 84 134 52 23 30 73 207 11 184

C. Seaside dressing room
80 91 60 202 2 125 146 43 160

D. Devotee
142 133 82 168 96 114 204 12 183 31

E. This kind of work speaks volumes
147 186 200 88 21 57 131 105 3

F. Bononcini, humorously
188 51 203 122 159 135 61 16 115 198

G. Flailing
145 138 42 193 69 173 130 10 32

H. Modern metal
144 108 154 4 44 66 126 28

I. Colorful Missouri River tributary
81 189 95 56 196 194 156 171 178 206 22

J. Noon
139 7 92 24 106 54 68 185 41

K. Like a steroid-taking athlete's ego
5 118 209 33 59 140 77 20 166

L. Partner for flourishes
190 102 179 90 13 34 128

M. Contaminate
39 15 152 78 121 162

N. Municipality
49 113 167 6 87 64 136 71

O. Ancestor of the duffel bag
83 109 40 182 205 58 119 124 191

P. Rich and famous
170 27 18 94 158 129 197 180

Q. Darken
163 149 164 123 47

R. Clogged
85 199 120 67 148 48 172 25 151

S. Home of the U. of Maine
153 99 26 161 74

T. Second of three spouses?
208 93 177 111 65 19 9

U. Moral climate
175 45 181 89 103

V. One of the Sundas isles
157 76 8 169 110

W. "____ and establish"
101 155 117 35 72 192

X. Sully
98 62 127 165 14 210 112

Y. Pluto's realm
55 150 79 174 97

Z. Fly
46 176 104 132 63 36

a. A Polynesian language
187 116 75 50 86 38

1 A T	2 C H	3 E		4 H M	5 K O	6 N N	7 J U	8 V M	9 T E	10 G N	11 B T	12 D A	13 L L		14 X I	15 M N	16 F D	17 A I	18 P F	19 T F	20 K S	21 E R
22 I E	23 B N	24 J C	25 R E		26 S O	27 P F		28 H M	29 A O	30 B S	31 D T		32 G G	33 K R	34 L E	35 W A	36 Z T		37 A U	38 a N	39 M I	40 O V
41 J F	42 G R	43 C E	44 H '	45 U T	46 Z I	47 Q E	48 R S		49 N T	50 a O		51 F W	52 B O	53 A R	54 J T	55 Y H	56 I L	57 E E	58 O S	59 K S		60 C T
61 F E	62 X A	63 Z C	64 N H	65 T I	66 H N	67 R G		68 J I	69 G S		70 A L	71 N F	72 W I	73 B '	74 S O	75 a N	76 V I	77 K Z	78 M E	79 Y C		80 C E
81 I V		82 D ~	83 O U	84 B E		85 R C	86 a J	87 N S	88 E E		89 U O	90 L F		91 C ^	92 J N		93 T I	94 P L	95 I L	96 D U	97 Y S	98 X T
99 S R	100A I	101W O	102L U	103U S		104Z S	105E C	106J H	107B '	108H L	109O A	110V R		111T W	112X H	113N O	114D S	115F E		116a A	117W P	118K V
1190 A	120R N	121M C	122F E	123Q D		1240 C	125C O	126H U	127X R	128L S	129P E		130G I	131E N		132Z E	133D	134B G	135F '	136N I	137A S	138G H
	139J L	140K I	141A T	142D :	143B	144H A	145G T	146C U	147E R	148R E		149Q H	150Y A	151R D		152M '	153S O	154H U	155W P		156I S	157V T
158P U	159F D	160C E	161S N	162M T	163Q S		164Q A	165X N	166K D		167N W	168D H	169V O		170P A	171I T		172R T	173G H	174Y E		175U E
176Z N	177T D		178I O	179L F		180P T	181U '	1820 E		183D S	184B E	185J M	186E E	187a S	188F T	189I E	190L N		1910 K	192W N	193G E	194I W
	195A N	196I O	197P N	198F E		199R C	200E E		201A T	202C ~	203F E	204D I	2050 R		206I N	207B A	208T M	209K E	210X S			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 53 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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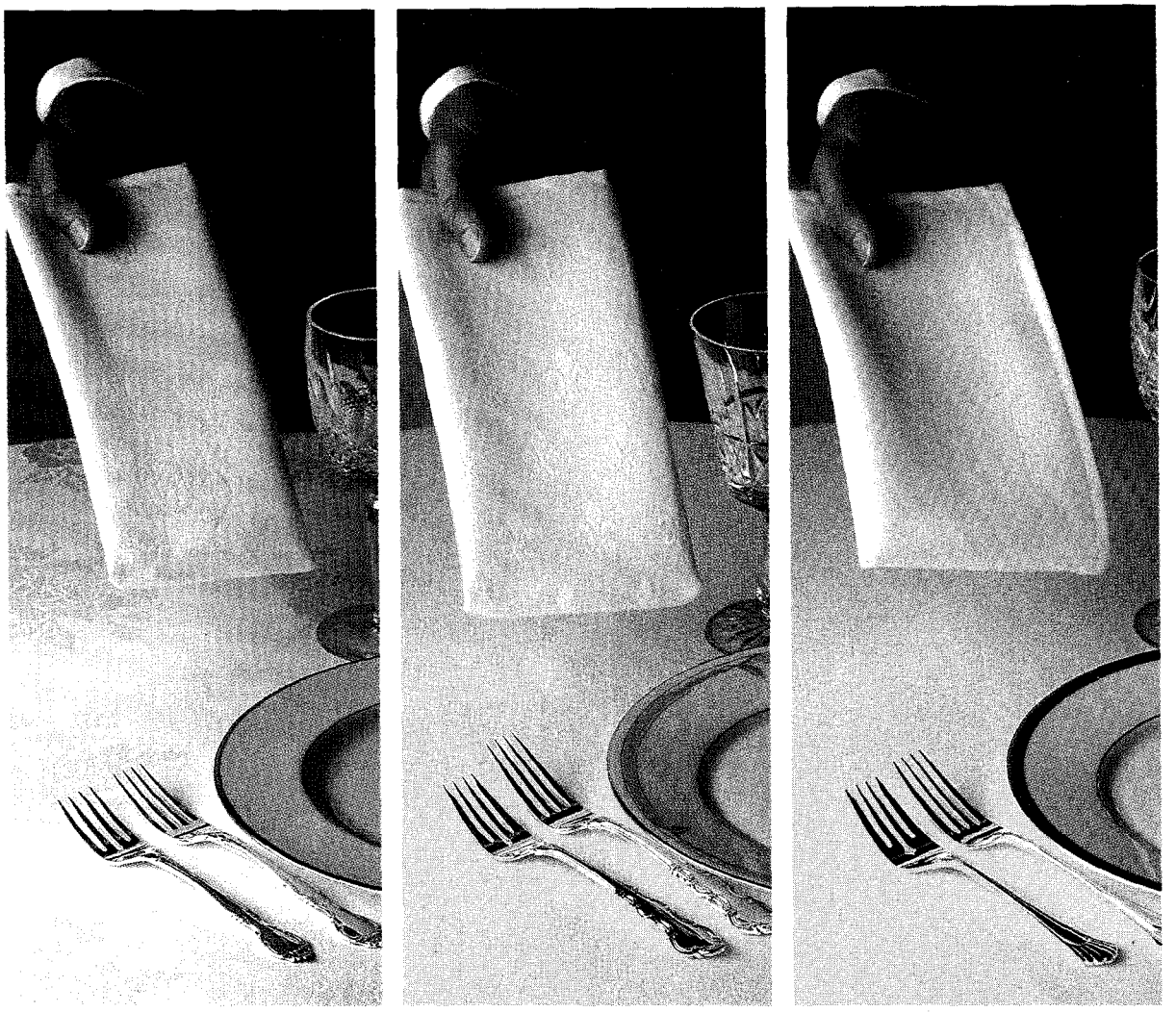

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Sixth Anniversary.

Seventh Anniversary.

Eighth Anniversary.

Ninth Anniversary.

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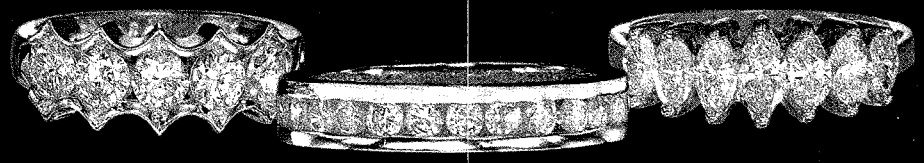

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